



GODS AND MONSTERS

A FOUR-PART ADVENTURE BY MIKE MADDOX

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY
Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED
Time traveller's companion.

HEX: PHILIP OLIVIER
Time traveller's other companion.

CAPTAIN LYSANDRA ARISTIDES: MAGGIE O'NEILL
Formerly of the secret agency, the Forge.

PTE SALLY MORGAN / GENERAL MORGAN: AMY PEMBERTON
Cadet gone AWOL. / Older alternate version of same.

FENRIC:
Petulant, chess-obsessed demigod from the dawn of time.

WEYLAND (or VOLUND):
Fenric's rival; gruff blacksmith from the dawn of time.

ANCIENT ONE:
(M, 40s-50s) Slave of Fenric; once a Persian king, father of...

HURMZID:
(M, 20s) Prince of ancient Persia; former friend of the Doctor's.

PEGGY:
Sweet old lady... and hideous alien monstrosity.

ALSO: HAEMOVORES; LIEUTENANT; SQUADDIES; ZOMBIE SAXONS.

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PART ONE

(REPRISE FROM 'BLACK AND WHITE':)

INT. FENRIC'S KEEP - HALL

(FX: A MASSIVE VIKING-STYLE HALL ON A FLAT WORLD. A HELLISH HORN BLOWS IN THE DISTANCE; ANSWERED BY OTHER, MORE DISTANT HORNS. CRACKLE OF FIRE.)

DOCTOR:

(FX: TWISTING IN CHAINS) (DELIRIOUS) Black TARDIS - White TARDIS. Black pawn takes white queen's bishop. White rook to- No! Black rook... No, white rook. White. White rabbit. Black cat. Cat takes rabbit. No, no, no. (CALMER) Get a grip, Doctor. Black - white - black - white. Queen takes King's knight. Checkmate! (BEAT) I said, checkmate!

(FX: A LOW CHUCKLE, OFF. SOMEONE APPROACHES...)

DOCTOR:

But wait. Wait. (BEAT, UNSURE) Was I black? Or was I white? (DISTRAUGHT) Which side was I playing?

(FX: THE SOMEONE STOPS. SOFT, EVIL, LAUGH)

DOCTOR:

So... we play the game again.

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

SCENE 1: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP - HALL [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

Where am I? Where is this place?

FENRIC:

My Keep.

DOCTOR:

(FX: TWISTING IN CHAINS) Ninth century Scandinavian, from what I can see of the décor. (SEEING FENRIC) Ah, and your get-up.

FENRIC:

The warlord whose body I wear would have called this world 'Asgard'. But you may call it 'Hell'.

DOCTOR:

There's no such place.

FENRIC:

We shall see.

DOCTOR:

Play your games if you must. (BRIGHTLY) How about hide and seek? Off you pop, I'll be along in a bit.

FENRIC:

You know the game I like to play. Don't you? Time Lord.

DOCTOR:

(GRIMLY) Chess.

FENRIC:

The game of gods. The pawns are assembled, the rooks and knights and bishops in formation.

DOCTOR:

I beat you once. I'm in no mood for a rematch.

FENRIC:

You have no choice, Time Lord. Your TARDIS has just arrived in this domain. Your little friends, come to your rescue. Oh, what a game this will be!

DOCTOR:

(GROANING) Of course. They must have found the shield.

FENRIC:

(EXCITED) The shield? Weyland's Shield?

DOCTOR:

Following Weyland's Shield is what dragged me into this game of yours. I should have known better.

FENRIC:

Oh, but this is perfect! Weyland's Shield, full of fire and magic. Weyland's Shield, that will give me the power to realise my true potential! And your friends, Doctor, have delivered it right into my hands!

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) Ohh, what have I done-?

FENRIC:

At last, I shall make my true form manifest! And let the chains of Fenric shatter!

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 2: EXT. PLAIN — BY STREAM

(FX: SOUND OF WIND BLOWING. GENTLE TRICKLE OF STREAM, OFF. TARDIS DOOR RATTLES OPEN)

ARISTIDES:

(EXITING) Red sky at night. Nice. (CALLING BACK) Clear!

ACE:

(EXITING) Give the 'Who Dares Wins' stuff a rest, Lysandra.

SALLY:

(EXITING) Why's the sky that colour? Should the sky even be that colour?

ACE:

(CALLING BACK) Hex! What's keeping you?

HEX:

(EXITING, HEFTING SAXON SHIELD) Figured if the Doctor went to all those lengths to get hold of Weyland's Shield, makes sense to bring it with us.

ACE:

It's just dead weight, Hex.

HEX:

(FX: CLOSING DOOR) Says the woman with a rucksack full of explosives.

SALLY:

(SNIGGERS)

ACE:

Oi!

HEX:

(LOOKING AROUND) Hold up. Are we on Mars?

ACE:

I've been to Mars, Hex. Trust me, this isn't Mars.

ARISTIDES:

(FX: SLIGHTLY OFF, BY STREAM) Look, there's a stream.

HEX:

(FX: FOLLOW HIM AS HE CROSSES TO ARISTIDES) Do you not get streams on Mars?

ARISTIDES:

Depends when on Mars.

SALLY:

(COMING UP BESIDE) Ace is right. This isn't Mars.

ACE:

(COMING UP BESIDE) See, even Private Benjamin knows this isn't – [Mars] (BREAKS OFF, TO SALLY) Hang about, how do you know this isn't Mars?

SALLY:

I went to Mars. With the Doctor. He wanted to check up on some old hieroglyphics, in the tomb of an ancient star-god. (TO ARISTIDES) Captain, this isn't Mars.

ARISTIDES:

Fine, so it isn't [Mars!]

(FX: CUTTING OVER, SOFT HUM FROM SHIELD)

HEX:

(PULLED GENTLY BY SHIELD) Whoa!

ACE:

Hex? This is no time to do your Pilates.

HEX:

The shield. It, like, pulled me! (FX: HUM – PULLED AGAIN) Aah!

SALLY:

Captain, the shield! The runes on the shield – they're glowing!

HEX:

See, what'd I tell you?

ARISTIDES:

The shield gave the TARDIS the co-ordinates for here, wherever here is.

ACE:

So?

ARISTIDES:

So, I reckon it knows where it wants to go.

SALLY:

You mean, we should follow it?

(FX: HUM)

HEX:

Downstream. It wants to go downstream.

ACE:

Guess downstream it is, then.

ARISTIDES:

Come on.

(FX: THE FOUR OF THEM STEPPING INTO STREAM, WALKING AWAY. FADE)

SCENE 3: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP — HALL

(FX: AS BEFORE. BLARE OF HORNS, OFF)

FENRIC:

Ah. There is movement on the board. I sense... yes! The scent of a she-wolf. One of my own.

DOCTOR:

Ace.

FENRIC:

And a number of other... pieces. Why... I think I know who they are!

DOCTOR:

Leave them alone. (FX: RATTLING CHAINS) I mean it, Fenric! Leave them alone, and play me!

FENRIC:

Chess, Doctor. The pieces are... fair game.

SCENE 4: EXT. PLAIN — BY STREAM

(FX: TRICKLE OF STREAM. SOFT HUM OF SHIELD LEADING HEX, SALLY, ARISTIDES AND ACE THROUGH STREAM)

HEX:

(STOPPING) Hold up. (ALL STOP)

SALLY:

What's the matter? Hex?

HEX:

The water. It's turned red.

ARISTIDES:

He's right.

ACE:

Must be a reflection from the sky. A trick of the light.

HEX:

(SEEING BODIES IN WATER AHEAD) Don't think so, Ace. Look!

SALLY:

Is that a body?

ARISTIDES:

Bodies plural, Private.

SALLY:

Plural-?

ARISTIDES:

Alright, everyone stay calm!

ACE:

No-one's panicking, Lysandra.

HEX:

Speak for yourself, Ace.

(FX: ALL MOVE A FEW FEET THROUGH WATER)

ARISTIDES:

(WALKING) They look like Vikings.

ACE:

(WALKING) Saxons.

ARISTIDES:

(WALKING) Same difference. (FX: ALL STOP) Schofield, you're the medic. What killed them?

ACE:

(SARCASTIC) I'm just guessing, but maybe having their throats torn out-?

ARISTIDES:

Yes, but what did it? Knives, swords, what-?

HEX:

(EXAMINING BODY) Teeth and claws, it looks like.

ARISTIDES:

Wild animals, then?

SALLY:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) No. Over here.

(FX: 3 x SPLASHING STEPS OVER TO:)

ARISTIDES:

What's that you've found, Morgan?

SALLY:

Fella here was packing a GPMG.

HEX:

Looks like a machine gun.

ARISTIDES:

General Purpose Machine Gun, yes.

SALLY:

There's spent cartridges all over. What sort of wild animal couldn't they fight off with a machine gun?

ACE:

More to the point, Saxons with machine guns? This place is weird.

HEX:

(FX: PICKING GUN OUT OF WATER) It gets weirder.

SALLY:

What's that?

HEX:

I dunno. Some kind of - (BEAT) - space gun.

ACE:

Mate, is that the best you can come up with?

HEX:

Well, how should I know what sort of gun it is?

ARISTIDES:

Looks simple enough. A child could use it. So try it, Schofield.

HEX:

Eh-?

ARISTIDES:

What's so hard? Point it, squeeze the trigger, ruin someone's day.

HEX:

Yeah, alright, Captain. (BEAT) No, doesn't work.

ARISTIDES:

(FX: SPLASHES OVER TO HEX) Like this. Point, squeeze and – (FX: BER-WHUMP FROM ALIEN GUN) See? Easy.

HEX:

I'm telling you, it wouldn't work for me!

ARISTIDES:

(PASSING GUN) Morgan, show him.

SALLY:

Stand back. (SHOOTS)

(FX: BER-WHUMP)

ARISTIDES:

There you go.

HEX:

Well, why wouldn't it work for me, then-?

SALLY:

It's alien tech, maybe it won't work for –

ACE:

(WITHERINGLY) Humans?

SALLY:

... Men. Males. Ace, you try it.

ACE:

Oi, you calling me a bloke?

HEX:

Just do it, Ace.

(FX: ACE SHOOTS. BER-WHUMP)

ACE:

OK. So maybe Private Benjamin's onto something.

SALLY:

The only thing is – if it doesn't work for males, why was a man holding it?

ACE:

Maybe that's why he's dead?

ARISTIDES:

The headline is, three of us can use it. And there's all sorts lying around, so –

ACE:

... Let's tool up, shall we, ladies?

(FX: ACE, ARISTIDES AND SALLY TOOL UP THROUGH:)

HEX:

Ace. The Doctor doesn't like guns.

ACE:

Didn't like guns, Hex. These days, seems he's quite comfortable hanging out with people who do. (HOISTING GPMG) So if we can't beat, them – (FX: KA-CHUNK OF SAFETY CATCH) – guess we're just going to have to join them, right?

SCENE 5: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP – HALL

(FX: AS BEFORE)

FENRIC:

(MURMURED, SENDING PSYCHIC MESSAGE) Ancient One. Come to me.

DOCTOR:

Do you know what it is I don't understand about you, Fenric? You and the rest of the Elder Gods?

FENRIC:

(IRRITATED) Oh, do enlighten me, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

... still, after countless years in the outer darkness, still all you can think of to do with yourselves is play your stupid games. In all these endless millennia, haven't you once thought of anything better to do with your time?

FENRIC:

You are too small, your mind is too narrow.

DOCTOR:

But what's the point?

FENRIC:

Poor Doctor. Your mortal realm of stars and planets and people – you really believe that it matters.

DOCTOR:

Of course it matters!

FENRIC:

These games of gods are reality, Doctor. They are all there is. They are the point.

(FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN, OFF)

ANCIENT ONE:

(ENTERING; VOICE GUTTURAL AND SAD, AS PER 'CURSE OF FENRIC' – BUT WITH THE FAINTEST POSSIBLE HINT OF HIS PERSIAN ORIGINS) Fenric. You bade me come.

FENRIC:

Ah, Ancient One. There are strangers, out on the plain. Bring them to me.

ANCIENT ONE:

I... must obey.

FENRIC:

You must. Yes.

ANCIENT ONE:

Then... I shall summon the Haemovores. (FX: EXITS)

DOCTOR:

(FX: TWISTING IN CHAINS) No!!!

SCENE 6: EXT. RIVER'S EDGE

(FX: FADE UP STREAM, WIDENING TO RIVER. 4 X PEOPLE TRAMPING ON: HEX & SALLY AHEAD; BUT WE'RE WITH ACE & ARISTIDES, LAGGING BEHIND)

ACE:

... So anyway, after I blew the school cupboard up, I bunked off school and went home. There was nothing to do, so I ended up watching kids' TV. *Jimbo and the Jet Set*.

ARISTIDES:

Oh. I loved that. The little planes!

ACE:

Well funny, wasn't it? You'll watch anything when there's nothing on.

ARISTIDES:

No, I meant I used to love it as a child.

ACE:

It was only a couple of years ago.

ARISTIDES:

1986? 87?

ACE:

Something like that.

ARISTIDES:

(STOPPING, REALISATION) Ace, I was four.

ACE:

But – you're old enough to be my Mum!

ARISTIDES:

Actually, you're old enough to be [mine.]

SALLY:

(FX: RETURNING FROM OFF, FOLLOWED BY HEX) Back! Back!

ACE:

Hold up, the other two have seen something.

ARISTIDES:

What is it, Private?

SALLY:

Column of soldiers. Over the ridge, in the far distance.

HEX:

Yeah, headed back the way we came.

ARISTIDES:

What sort of soldiers?

SALLY:

I couldn't see clearly in the mist.

ACE:

Mist?

SALLY:

Yeah, rolling in from the east.

HEX:

I saw them. All dressed up like refugees from *Aladdin*. Scimitars and that.

ACE:

We should talk to them.

(FX: SHIELD HUM)

ARISTIDES:

(IGNORING HER) What's the shield say, Schofield?

HEX:

Guess it wants us to carry on.

ARISTIDES:

Then we carry on.

ACE:

Lysandra. They might know something-!

SALLY:

Or they might just cut us to ribbons. The Captain's right.

ACE:

Unlike you, Private, she's not the boss of me. (HOISTING BACKPACK)
Look, I'll catch you up, alright?

HEX:

Ace, what are you playing at-?

ACE:

(JOGGING OFF) I'll be five minutes. Ten minutes. Ish!

HEX:

(CALLING AFTER) Ace. Ace!!! (TO SALLY) Too late. She's won't see nothing in that mist.

SALLY:

Ace can look after herself.

HEX:

Thinks she can, Sal. Big difference.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 7: EXT. RAVINE

(FX: FADE UP ACE SCRAMBLING DOWN RIDGE)

ACE:

(MUTTERING TO SELF) ... Yes, Captain. No, Captain. Would you like your boots blacked, Captain? (BEAT) Right, then. North-west, I guess. Pff, she wasn't wrong about this [mist-!]

HURMZID:

(FROM OFF) Drop your weapon, warrior woman.

ACE:

(TO SELF) Walked straight into that, didn't I-?

(FX: FROM OFF, BER-WHUMP OF ALIEN GUN, AS BEFORE. SHOWER OF ROCKS, STONES)

ACE:

(CRIES OUT, HIT BY STONES)

HURMZID:

(OFF) I said, drop your weapon!

ACE:

(LOUD) Alright, alright! (FX: SETS GPMG ON GROUND; SIMULTANEOUSLY, HURMZID SCRAMBLES DOWN RIDGE, TOWARDS ACE) Consider it dropped. Not my bag, anyhow.

HURMZID:

(APPROACHING) This is not your bag? On your back?

ACE:

What, the rucksack? No, that's mine. I meant the whole 'guns' thing.

HURMZID:

(WITH HER) What kind of creature are you-?

ACE:

My name's Ace, I'm from a dysfunctional family, and I cope by blowing things up. What's your excuse... Aladdin?

SCENE 8: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP – HALL

(FX: AS BEFORE)

DOCTOR:

So, Fenric, you've found yourself a new Ancient One. You do realise how absurd that sounds?

FENRIC:

You mock and sneer, because you are scared.

DOCTOR:

Of course I'm scared! You're quite insane and quite ridiculously powerful. That thing, the Ancient One. What corrupted future did you dredge him up from?

FENRIC:

I told you. We are in Hell. Your future, your present, your past – your Time is meaningless, Time Lord. Look out of my Keep, and all you will see is a sky of red; red because the stars in the newborn sky are all so close together that there is neither day or night.

DOCTOR:

What do you mean, newborn? How far back are we?

FENRIC:

To me, Doctor, your universe is less than a millionth of a second old. In the blink of my undying eye, it will be a burst bubble. All of your future, all of your past, the whole of your reality – we Elder Gods perceive it as no more than you perceive a single speck of dust. To us, your everything is nothing. There is nothing here... but us.

DOCTOR:

If we mortals are really nothing, why bother with us at all? Why not just leave us all alone?

FENRIC:

And what do you think would happen if we did?

DOCTOR:

Nothing, by your reckoning!

FENRIC:

Precisely, Doctor. Nothing would happen. Simply, nothing. There would be only nothing. And that isn't anything, is it?

DOCTOR:

You need us, don't you? You need our universe to be the something to your nothing. You need us to give you scale!

FENRIC:
Perhaps.

DOCTOR:
Oh, but don't you see, Fenric? We mortal nothings can happily live without you, but your lives are meaningless without ours. That makes us greater than you!

FENRIC:
(ANNOYED; MORE TO SELF) Can it be? That I'm debating philosophy with a speck of dust, when there's a game to be played?

(FX: 'WIND' WHIPS UP – AND FENRIC TELEPORTS AWAY, AS IN 'CURSE OF FENRIC')

DOCTOR:
(ALOUD) Go on, then, disappear! Just as soon as you're losing the argument!

SCENE 9: EXT. RAVINE

HURMZID:

My name is not Aladdin, warrior woman. I am Hurmzid, Prince of Persia. I am looking for my guards. We became separated, in the mist.

ACE:

Yeah, well – they went that-a-way.

HURMZID:

That-a-way?

ACE:

(FX: HOISTING BACKPACK) C'mon, follow me.

HURMZID:

But – you are my prisoner!

ACE:

Look, Hurmzid, Prince of Persia – do you want to find your guards or not?

HURMZID:

I do.

ACE:

Well, then – let's find them, shall we?

(FX: THEY WALK)

HURMZID:

(WALKING) You know what lies this way, warrior woman?

ACE:

(WALKING) Ace. And all that lies this way is a load of dead Saxons. Come to think of it – you're from a different time period, aren't you?

HURMZID:

(WALKING) 'Time... period'?

ACE:

(WALKING) Age. Epoch. (SIGHS) Just give us some names of people and places, recent events?

HURMZID:

(WALKING) My father is the Emperor Shapur. He defeated the Roman army at the battle of Edessa and took their emperor prisoner.

ACE:

Never heard of him. (STOPS; SUDDENLY SINKING IN) Sorry, did you say he beat the Romans?

HURMZID:

Yes.

ACE:

Respect.

HURMZID:

(WALKING) The Romans were cut off without reinforcements, struck down by a mystery plague.

ACE:

(WALKING) What sort of plague?

HURMZID:

(WALKING) My father made a deal with an ancient spirit. A djinni. He gave him a magic potion called "Anthrax".

ACE:

(WALKING) That's disgusting.

HURMZID:

(WALKING) In return for this help, the spirit took my father away, and he has not been seen since. But then I heard the djinni had again been sighted, playing dice on the road to Byzantium. So I sneaked into the demon's tent, and stole a talisman imbued with all his power.

ACE:

What sort of talisman?

HURMZID:

(STOPPING) Here, I keep it around my belt.

ACE:

It's a hammer. A little hammer.

HURMZID:

It has an enchantment upon it. It conjures up a powerful spell called a "time storm", that brought [me and my guards]

ACE:

(SUDDENLY SCARED) Did you say —

HURMZID:

A time storm, yes. It brought me and my guards here, to this plain of mists and monsters. (SADLY) I wished then that I had heeded the advice of the strange little Doctor I had met on the high road, who warned me never to tangle with demons [and devils -]

ACE:

Right. Gonna stop you there, Hurmzid, because we've suddenly got way more in common than you can possibly imagine -

(FX: CUT SHORT BY A ZOMBIE-LIKE GROANING FROM AHEAD; A MASS OF HAEMOVORES APPROACHING)

ACE:

Hang about. What was that you said about monsters-?

HURMZID:

They are coming! The monsters are coming!

ACE:

Please. Tell me these monsters of yours aren't mostly a mouldy blue colour, and in urgent need of a manicure?

HURMZID:

(DESPERATE) My guards! What has happened to my guards?

ACE:

Too late for them, Hurmzid. (FX: APPROACHING HAEMOVORES PAUSE) That lot, they're called Haemovores. They got the name from drinking blood.

HURMZID:

Drinking... blood?

(FX: HAEMOVORE MOANS, SURGING FORWARD)

ACE:

Don't just stand there, your Highness - run!!!

(FX: THEY RUN, PURSUED BY HAEMOVORES)

SCENE 10: EXT. RIVER'S EDGE/WORLD'S EDGE

(FX: THE RIVER WIDENING OUT. SOUND OF WATERFALL AHEAD)

HEX:

(WALKING) Ace should have been back by now.

ARISTIDES:

(WALKING) Let's just push on, shall we?

SALLY:

(STOPPING) Hold up.

ARISTIDES:

What is it, Private?

SALLY:

Up ahead. It sounds like a waterfall.

ARISTIDES:

Looks more like a lake.

SALLY:

Something's not right. Look, I won't be a moment. (FX: DASHES OFF)

ARISTIDES:

Private! Private Morgan! Come back!

HEX:

Trouble in the ranks, Lysandra?

ARISTIDES:

Follow me, Schofield.

(FX: SHE RUSHES AFTER SALLY. CROSS TO THE EDGE OF THE LAKE. WATER THUNDERING OFF THE EDGE... BUT INTO NOTHING, EMPTY SPACE)

SALLY:

(FX: RUSHES TO SUDDEN STOP) Aaah!

ARISTIDES:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) I gave you an order, Private...!

SALLY:

(CALLING) Stop! Captain, stop! Don't go near the water!

ARISTIDES:

(OFF, STOPPED) What-?

SALLY:

It's not a waterfall!

HEX:

(OFF) Well, what is it? Sal?

SALLY:

It's the edge! Come round the outside, you'll see!

ARISTIDES:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) The edge of what?

SALLY:

(PERHAPS TO SELF?) It's incredible. Like nothing I've ever seen...

ARISTIDES:

(FX: ARRIVING, WITH HEX) What are you on about, Pri- [-vate?]
(REALISATION) Oh my stars.

SALLY:

See? The edge. The edge of the world!

ARISTIDES:

(TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF IT) We followed a river.

SALLY:

Yes, and look! It just runs straight off, into... well -

HEX:

... space.

SALLY:

Space, exactly!

ARISTIDES:

What is this place-?

HEX:

Whatever it is, it's flat. This world is flat!

SALLY:

Yes, and we nearly walked off the edge of it!

(FX: IN FAR DISTANCE - ACE, RUNNING TOWARDS THEM, WITH HURMZID)

ACE:

(WELL OFF, RUNNING, CALLING) Hex! Run!!!

HEX:

Hold up, there's Ace!

ACE:

(WELL OFF, RUNNING, CALLING) Leg it! Run!!!

ARISTIDES:

What's she saying?

SALLY:

Yes, and who's that with her?

HURMZID:

(BY ACE) The monsters are almost upon us!!!

HEX:

Looks like one of them Arabian Nights guys. (CALLING) Over here!!!

ARISTIDES:

They're running. What are they running from?

(FX: CROSS TO ACE & HURMZID. BEHIND THEM – HAEMOVORES SURGING FORWARD, GROANING)

HURMZID:

(RUNNING) The stars preserve us!

ACE:

(RUNNING, CALLING) Hex! Sal! Lysandra! Don't just sit there like lemons! Run!!!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SALLY:

There's people behind them, in the mist.

ARISTIDES:

Maybe it's the rest of that column. Be just like McShane to antagonise them.

HEX:

No, it's not them.

ARISTIDES:

How can you tell? From this distance?

HEX:

Well – my eyesight's not perfect, but I'm pretty sure they weren't blue. Not that I'm saying that blue's bad necessarily. I mean, you travel with the Doctor, you soon learn that appearances aren't everything. People who might look scary sometimes turn out to be (HESITANTLY) quite (LESS SURE) friendly. Are those suckers?

SALLY:

Captain, you were wondering what killed those Saxons..

ARISTIDES:

I think we just found out.

ACE:

(RUNNING UP) Come on!!! You lot! What're you all just standing around for?

HURMZID:

(JUST BEHIND) The monsters are coming! Run!!!

ARISTIDES:

Just one problem, McShane.

ACE:

Oh, what? You feel like re-enacting Custard's Last Stand, I suppose?

SALLY:

(CORRECTING HER) Custer's Last Stand.

ACE:

Shut it!

HEX:

Thing is, Ace, there's nowhere to run to.

ACE:

Yeah, well – we don't go in the water. (FX: CLAMBERING PAST THEM, TOWARDS EDGE; THUNDERING WATERFALL) But we can always go around the outs- [ide –]

ARISTIDES:

See?

ACE:

Is that... space?

HEX:

Flat planet.

ACE:

Bad one.

(FX: HAEMOVORES NEARLY UPON THEM; GROANING)

ARISTIDES:

No way forward, no way back, mist rolling in from the east and the west. (GRIM) Looks like Custard's Last Stand it is.

(FX: CROSS DIRECTLY TO:)

SCENE 11: EXT. RIVER'S EDGE [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: HAEMOVORES SHAMBLE-STOP AT WATER'S EDGE. MOANING)

ANCIENT ONE:

Beware the water, my brothers. It is not safe in the water. There are... undercurrents, that will drag you from the plain.

(FX: HAEMOVORES GROAN FEARFULLY)

FENRIC:

(MATERIALISES - FX AS BEFORE)

ANCIENT ONE:

Hush. Our master arrives.

FENRIC:

Ancient One. How goes the game?

ANCIENT ONE:

The pieces are on the far edge of the board. They can neither move forward, nor back.

FENRIC:

(SCANNING THE EDGE) The shield. I do not see the shield..

(FX: CROSS DIRECTLY TO:)

SCENE 12: EXT. WORLD'S EDGE [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: WATERFALL AS BEFORE)

SALLY:

They've stopped moving. There's a man, talking to the big blue Boss.

HEX:

The Viking guy?

SALLY:

With these strange green eyes.

ACE:

Fenric. Hoped I'd never live to see him again.

HURMZID:

But – that is the djinni! The demon who took my father!

ARISTIDES:

Sorry, who's this?

ACE:

His highness Prince Hurmzid. His Dad beat the Romans, so he's probably a good bloke on your side in a fight, if he's anything like his Dad.

HEX:

Alright?

ACE:

Hurmzid's from Persia. He knew the Professor, once.

ARISTIDES:

That's quite a coincidence.

ACE:

Oh no. No coincidence. You see, I first met the Professor on a planet called Iceworld. I'd been taken there by a time storm.

HURMZID:

I, too, was carried away from my home.

SALLY:

So who's this Fenric?

ACE:

Scumbag from the dawn of time, according to the Professor.

HEX:

The Doctor called someone a "scumbag?"

ACE:

I'm painting a picture. Fenric played the Professor at chess, only Fenric lost, and the Professor sealed him up inside a bottle. Trouble is, a few hundred years later, the bottle got stolen by a bunch of Vikings, who tried to take it back to Norway. The curse followed them, they were all turned into Haemovores.

HEX:

Don't tell me. The blue guys in the mist?

ARISTIDES:

"Haemovores". As in haematologist, as in blood? Something that eats blood?

SALLY:

Vampires?

ACE:

Pretty much.

HEX:

Today just gets better and better.

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SCENE 13: EXT. RIVER'S EDGE [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: HAEMOVORES GROANING)

ANCIENT ONE:

My brothers would feed, Lord Fenric.

FENRIC:

No. No! The shieldmaidens protect the shield. And if the shield is lost, so too is the game. This is a fool's mate, Ancient One!

ANCIENT ONE:

Why do you call me that? This universe is young. There is nothing ancient here.

FENRIC:

You were old when I summoned you, were you not? So numbed by your conquests that you welcomed the burn of Hell. (DECISIVELY) No, only a daring play will deliver me the shield. A change of tactics.

ANCIENT ONE:

Then... make your move, my Lord.

(FX: FENRIC WHIPPING UP HUGE TIME STORM THROUGH:)

FENRIC:

(EFFORT – BRINGING UP HUGE TIME STORM TO WHISK AWAY HIMSELF, AND THE HAEMOVORES) Castling. The King's leap. The King exchanged... for his Keep!

(FX: TIME STORM SOUNDS AND HAEMOVORE GROANS CROSSFADE INTO HUGE STONE GRINDING... AND A THUNDEROUS CHUD! AS ALL DISAPPEAR IN THE STORM, FENRIC'S KEEP TAKING THEIR PLACE ON THE PLAIN. CROSS DIRECTLY TO:)

SCENE 14: EXT. WORLD'S EDGE [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: WATERFALL OFF)

HURMZID:

(FEARFUL) Look! Fenric's Keep!

HEX:

(ASTONISHMENT) Whoa! Where did that come from?

ARISTIDES:

More to the point, where did the Haemovores go?

ACE:

Time storm. Fenric's playing games with us.

SALLY:

What did you call that, your Highness? Fenric's Keep?

HURMZID:

It is. But the last time I saw it, it was ten leagues to the east!

HEX:

Hang about. That's more than a Keep. That's a rook.

ARISTIDES:

What are you on about, Schofield?

ACE:

A rook. A castle, in chess.

SALLY:

She's right, Captain. It's a chesspiece. A giant chesspiece!

ARISTIDES:

But that's impossible!

ACE:

Lysandra. We're standing on a flat world floating in space populated by zombie Vikings, and you call that impossible?

ARISTIDES:

Fair point, McShane.

ACE:

Fenric plays games, that's his M.O. Chess, that's his favourite. Anyone here play chess? (SHORT BEAT) Oh well, worth a [try -]

SALLY:

I used to play a bit. You know, after school. Chess club.

ARISTIDES:

Well, well. Aren't you the dark horse, Morgan?

SALLY:

(BLUSHING) I wasn't very good, or anything. Well, I was the district champion two years running, but the competition wasn't all that [strong]

ACE:

(BUTTING IN) A dark horse. (SUSPICIOUS) That's a black knight, isn't it?

SALLY:

I suppose.

HEX:

Hold on, Ace, what're you saying?

ACE:

I'm saying there's no such thing as coincidence, not where Fenric's concerned.

ARISTIDES:

It was only a figure of speech, McShane. (CHANGING SUBJECT) Hurmzid – your Highness – what else do you know about this Keep?

HURMZID:

The Keep is where Fenric holds my father. Where he holds all of his prisoners.

HEX:

Prisoners? So what's the betting that in the very next cell...?

SALLY:

Captain, the Doctor's in there! He must be!

ARISTIDES:

Right then. Fenric's made his move. That means it's our turn.

HEX:

You mean – attack the Keep? How?

ARISTIDES:

These (COUGH) "space guns" seem to work well enough.

ACE:

You want to watch it, Lysandra. Fenric, he's like a Grandmaster. Which I guess makes us the Furious Five.

SALLY:

What?

ACE:

Eighties reference. You wouldn't get it.

ARISTIDES:

Alright, McShane. (TO ALL) We proceed with all due caution – agreed?

(SILENCE)

ARISTIDES:

I'll take that as a 'Yes, Captain'. Come on.

(FX: SALLY, ARISTIDES AND HEX SET OFF)

HURMZID:

Ace. I made you drop your... "space gun".

ACE:

(HOISTING RUCKSACK) Not to worry, your Highness. I've still got my rucksack.

HURMZID:

But do you not feel fear?

ACE:

Oh, I feel fear, alright. I know all about Fenric. But if Fenric's got the Professor in there, then he's the one who needs to be scared, because I know exactly how I'm getting the Professor out.

HURMZID:

I wish I had your faith.

ACE:

Yeah. A rucksack packed full of unshakeable faith. Go on, your Highness.

(FX: THEY WALK)

SCENE 15: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP – HALL

(FX: AS BEFORE. HUGE DOORS OPEN. SHAMBLING FOOTSTEPS)

DOCTOR:

(TWISTING IN CHAINS) Who's that? Who's there?

ANCIENT ONE:

You have nothing to fear, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Ah, "Ancient One". Listen, whatever Fenric's threatened you with, whatever hold he has on you, I can help. I've fought him before. He can be contained.

ANCIENT ONE:

In the earthly realm, perhaps. But not here, in the darkness before creation.

DOCTOR:

All the same. Release me from these chains. Let me try. (BEAT; ANNOYED) What's the matter, don't you want me to save you?

ANCIENT ONE:

You should know, Doctor – I am beyond salvation.

DOCTOR:

I should know? Why should I know? (BEAT) Who are you, Ancient One? – or rather, who were you? Did I know you, once? Will I know you?

ANCIENT ONE:

I am lost and forsaken. That is all. (TURNING, EXITING) You will remain here until Fenric decides your fate.

(FX: DOOR SHUTS, RESOUNDINGLY)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) My fate? Fenric decided that a long time ago.

SCENE 16: EXT. FENRIC'S KEEP

(FX: RIVER'S EDGE OFF. ARISTIDES, SALLY, HEX, HURMZID AND ACE RUN UP TO GATE AND STOP)

ARISTIDES:

(SOTTO) OK. Main gate – looks to be... (LOOKS) – wide open.

ACE:

There's no point in whispering, Lysandra. It's obvious. He knows we're coming. He's inviting us in.

HEX:

What are those carvings of? On the gate?

ACE:

Wolves.

ARISTIDES:

Plan of attack, Morgan?

SALLY:

We go in in a diamond formation. Fastest first – guess that's me. Covering fire to the left and right – that'll be you and McShane. Anyone tries to take us from behind, they'll be at close quarters – so that's one for Hurmzid, and his scimitar.

ARISTIDES:

Very good, Private.

HEX:

Hey, what about me?

ARISTIDES:

You – hold our coats, Schofield.

ACE:

Here's a better idea. As before, but Hurmzid stays behind with Hex.

HURMZID:

But – what about my father?

ACE:

We won't leave without him. But the fact is – Hex can't fire these weapons, for some reason. So someone needs to cover him.

HEX:

I'm not completely useless.

ACE:

No-one said you were. (FX: THUMP OF BAG ON GROUND) Hurmzid – will you stay here, and look after my rucksack?

HURMZID:

I will not argue.

ACE:

Oh, I like you! Now – give me that space gun of yours.

ARISTIDES:

What, it works for him?

ACE:

Yeah, it does, actually.

HEX:

I take it back. I am completely useless.

ACE:

Trust me, someone might need a sticking plaster later. Oh! One more thing. Hurmzid – that hammer of yours...?

HURMZID:

You would take my talisman, too?

ACE:

Please. If your father's in there – I will find him, I promise.

HURMZID:

(PASSING IT) I believe I can trust you.

ACE:

Just tell me how it works.

HURMZID:

You strike the ground and think of where you wish to be.

ACE:

Cool.

ARISTIDES:

Are you quite ready?

ACE:

Yeah. Sally, Lysandra – you're back-up in case it goes wrong.

SALLY:

In case what goes wrong?

ACE:

This. (RUNS TO GATES, SHOUTS) Oi! Fenric! The name's Ace.
Remember me?

ARISTIDES:

(HISSED AFTER HER) McShane! (TO SALLY) What the hell does she
think she's playing at?

SALLY:

She's already in. Better get after her, Ma'am.

ARISTIDES:

Against my better judgement...

(FX: SHE AND SALLY EXIT TO GATES)

HEX:

Look after yourselves, ladies.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 17: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP – COURTYARD [CONTINUOUS]

ACE:

(FX: WALKING AROUND, CALLING OUT) I'm here! I'm all ready for you! So show yourself, dogbreath!

(FX: TIMESTORM SOUND AS FENRIC APPEARS 10 FEET OR SO BEFORE HER)

FENRIC:

The child of the baby. Yes, I remember you.

ACE:

See you've joined the Asterix Fan Club. (STORMING FORWARD) Where is he? Where's the Doctor?

FENRIC:

There are so many ways I could kill you. Aren't you afraid?

ACE:

Yeah, but I've not made my move yet. You know the rules, Fenric. First I make my move, then you make yours.

(FX: CROSS FURTHER BACK, TO ENTRANCE:)

SALLY:

(MOVING TO STOP) (SOTTO) He's in range, Captain.

ARISTIDES:

(SOTTO) Then let's take him down.

SALLY:

(SOTTO) Shoot him?

ARISTIDES:

(SOTTO) No, I was thinking of tag rugby. Three, two, one – (LOUD) fire!!!

(FX: 2 x BER-WHUMPS FIZZ FROM GUNS. FOLLOW THEM TO:)

FENRIC:

Ah. The shield maidens.

(FX: FFT, FFT AS FENRIC SWATS THE CHARGES AWAY)

FENRIC:

How... amusing. That was your move, I believe?

ACE:

(TURNING) You idiots! You didn't really think that guns would work on him, did you?

ARISTIDES:

Well, you know. Space guns.

SALLY:

"Shield maidens". What did he mean, "shield maidens"?

FENRIC:

If you prefer – the three witches. The maiden, the wife and the hag.

ARISTIDES:

He's calling you names, McShane.

FENRIC:

The Norn. The three women at the heart of all the chaos to come. You are here at last, as I always knew you would be.

SALLY:

Anyone know what he's on about?

ACE:

He's completely hatstand. Just go with it.

SALLY:

(CONFUSED) Hatstand?

ACE:

Sorry. Eighties thing again.

ARISTIDES:

(STEPPING FORWARD) What are you on about, Fenric? 'The chaos to come'?

FENRIC:

Since you wish to be better informed – I summon a time storm!

(FX: TIME STORM NOISE, THROUGH:)

ARISTIDES & SALLY:

(CRY OUT, CAUGHT IN TIME STORM)

FENRIC:

Best, perhaps, that you experience these things at first hand.

ACE:

Hey! Leave them alone!

ARISTIDES:

(CAUGHT IN STORM) Stop it!

SALLY:

(DITTO) Ace! Help us –

(FX: BUT THEY'VE GONE. TIME STORM ENDS)

ACE:

Where have you sent them, Fenric?

FENRIC:

To their deaths, of course. Theirs, and that of everyone else on the dismal planet Earth.

ACE:

And what about me? Aren't I included?

(FX: WHOOSHY TIME STORM NOISE AGAIN, THROUGH:)

FENRIC:

You, Dorothy McShane? You have your own personal hell to visit.

ACE:

(IN TIME STORM) Go on, then. Do your [worst! -]

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 18: EXT. PERIVALE STREET [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: TIME STORM CRESCENDOES... AND IS REPLACED WITH DISTANT CARS; A TUBE TRAIN; BIRDSONG)

ACE:

(DAZED) Where am I-?

FENRIC:

I told you, Dorothy McShane.

ACE:

Came along for the ride, did you? (GETTING UP) So bright, I can't see a thing.

FENRIC:

Let me help you gain your bearings. We are on a hill, an island of green surrounded by tarmac. In front of us lie Jubilee Road and George the Fifth Way. Over there, traffic is backed up all the way along the Western Avenue, from Hanger Lane to the Hoover Factory.

ACE:

(HORRIFIED) This is Perivale...!

FENRIC:

Welcome home, Dorothy McShane. Welcome... to hell!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

ACE:

(HORRIFIED) This is Perivale...!

FENRIC:

Welcome home, Dorothy McShane. Welcome... to hell!

(CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 19: EXT. PERIVALE STREET [CONTINUOUS]

ACE:

What's your game, Fenric?

FENRIC:

It is an unseasonably sticky afternoon in the early summer of 1987. This time tomorrow, a time storm will transport the younger you from here to Iceworld, where you will first encounter the Doctor.

ACE:

So-?

FENRIC:

So... you can stop the younger you from leaving, should you choose. Some other tortured soul can take her place as my agent in the TARDIS. It was always a toss-up between you and a lovelorn young motorcyclist in... Wales, if I remember right?

ACE:

Oh, you're a piece of work, you are.

FENRIC:

Your life might have been so very different, Dorothy McShane. Stop the younger you from entering the time storm, and let her enjoy a life free from my taint. You never know, she might even be pushing a pram by this time next year. Alone and unloved. Just like her mother.

ACE:

What makes you so sure I won't choose the baby buggy?

FENRIC:

Why – because then you'd be giving up on the Doctor. And we both know – you won't ever do that, will you? No. I'd sooner let you become a ghost of the timeline, watching on from the shadows. Watching yourself become old and used-up and beaten-down, and knowing that you could have prevented it.

ACE:

Yeah, you'd love that, wouldn't you?

FENRIC:

(BRIGHTLY) I could always come for your daughter, in some nearby council estate in, what, eighteen years' time? That might be... intriguing.

ACE:

The Professor would say there's worse than Perivale. Worse than here. (LOOKING AROUND) Perhaps he's right. This isn't Hell.

FENRIC:

No, it isn't. Your hell is knowing I made you everything you are, Dorothy McShane. Your hell is knowing you won't choose to save your younger self. Your hell is knowing you can't help yourself from choosing me!

ACE:

Why me, Fenric? Why couldn't you leave me alone?

FENRIC:

Stupid child, I told you. I didn't choose you. Just the toss of a coin. Odds, evens, black, white – it's all in the game. But whichever way the penny drops, whichever way the cards fold – I win. I always win.

ACE:

(FALSE BROKEN) Yeah. Yeah, I know. You win, Fenric. You win... (PULLING OUT HURMZID'S HAMMER; EXULTANT) ... the wooden spoon!

FENRIC:

That's not a spoon, that's a – [hammer] (REALISATION) That is my hammer! Where did you [get that-?]

(FX: ACE BASHES HAMMER ON TARMAC. LIGHTNING SOUND)

ACE:

Hurmzid, Prince of Persia. (FX: TIME STORM WHIPS UP) (TO SELF) Oh! I meant to say – ah, never mind, near enough. (TO FENRIC) Enjoy Perivale, scumbag. (FX: FADING AWAY – INTO SCENE 21) [If you're hungry, the kebab van comes round about six. But go easy on the chilli sauce, that stuff's murder on your – (guts)]

(FX: TIME STORM REACHES CRESCENDO. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 20: EXT. RIDGEWAY

(FX: TIME STORM FADES, LEAVING GENTLE WIND — OPEN FIELDS)

SALLY:

(DAZED) Captain? W-what was that?

ARISTIDES:

Time and space travel, I suppose.

SALLY:

I'd sooner go by TARDIS.

ARISTIDES:

You and me both, Private. (LOOKING AROUND) OK, bearings. Blue sky, green grass. Might be Earth. Might not. Have to assume a hostile environment until proven otherwise. Smoke in the distance. Could be a settlement. Could be a dragon. (FRUSTRATION) Oh, this is useless! We could be anywhere in the whole of time or space.

SALLY:

We're about ten miles from Swindon.

ARISTIDES:

I beg your pardon?

SALLY:

Over there, that's a dolmen — a Neolithic burial site. We're on the Ridgeway Path, midway between Wantage and the M4. We came here on my Duke of Edinburgh's.

ARISTIDES:

You've been here before? You're certain?

SALLY:

Well, we might be in the Middle Ages. But I will be here at some point in the early 20s, yeah. Funny, I'd forgotten all about that weekend. Sarah Dean brought her knitting. She was making a scarf for Tom [Wateracre.]

ARISTIDES:

Yes, is there anything more I need to know?

(FX: DISTANT HELICOPTER APPROACHING)

SALLY:

The dolmen, it's called [Weyland's Smithy. They say —]

ARISTIDES:

(LOOKING UP) Quiet!

SALLY:

Isn't that an assault helicopter?

ARISTIDES:

(SHOVING SALLY TO GROUND) Down-!

(FX: STEALTH HELICOPTER SWOOPS OVER THEIR HEADS)

SCENE 21: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP – HALL

(FX: AS BEFORE. DOOR CREAKS OPEN, AND SHUTS)

DOCTOR:

(FX: TWISTING IN CHAINS) Who's that now-?

HURMZID:

(SNEAKING UP FROM OFF, NERVOUS) Father? Father, is that you-?

DOCTOR:

I know that voice from somewhere, but I can't seem to place it.

HURMZID:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Don't tell me. Byzantium? No – Persia!

HURMZID:

It is I, Doctor. Hurmzid –

DOCTOR:

Hurmzid, Prince of Persia, that's it! What are you doing here?
(DARK) The last time I saw you, I warned you never to tangle with demons.

HURMZID:

Wise advice. I only wish I had paid heed to it. (FX: CLANKING CHAINS) Here, let me help you with these chains. –

DOCTOR:

Yes, if only they were properly knotted I'd have been out of them long ago. But this random lash-up – it's a disgrace!

HURMZID:

(FX: LETTING CHAINS GO) I cannot even see how they are linked!

DOCTOR:

Never underestimate the value of a well-tied knot, Hurmzid. I once said the same to Baden-Powell, but he had a lot on his mind. Half the boys had been bewitched by sprites, the other half had turned into werewolves. It had been a very odd weekend.

HURMZID:

Doctor, you are babbling.

DOCTOR:

Tell me, how's your father doing? Has he released the Roman Emperor yet, or is he still using him as a footstool to get on his horse? I should have said something, but I didn't want to invent the Geneva Convention two thousand years early.

HURMZID:

It was my father I came here in search of. You have not seen him, I suppose?

DOCTOR:

No.

HURMZID:

I must find him.

DOCTOR:

And I'll help you. But first things first. I don't suppose you brought a hacksaw-?

HURMZID:

I did not. Unless, of course – (FX: SWINGING RUCKSACK OFF SHOULDERS) – Ace left one in her rucksack? (FX: UNZIPS RUCKSACK)

DOCTOR:

All you'll find in there is a spare pair of tights and several cans of – (REALISATION) That's Ace's rucksack! You're carrying Ace's rucksack!

HURMZID:

Why, yes.

DOCTOR:

Well, is she here-?

HURMZID:

I have not seen her. Not since she went to slay Fenric.

DOCTOR:

She did what-?

HURMZID:

I am sorry, Doctor. I fear she may be dead.

DOCTOR:

Stupid, headstrong, brilliant girl! I so hoped I'd see her face [again]

(FX: OVER THIS, TIME STORM WHIPS UP)

HURMZID:

A time storm! It can only be [Fenric]

(FX: ... AND DUMPS ACE INTO THE ROOM)

ACE:

(ENDING HER LINE TO FENRIC IN SCENE 19) [If you're hungry, the kebab van comes round about six. But go easy on the chilli sauce, that stuff's murder on your - (guts)]

DOCTOR & HURMZID:

Ace!!!

ACE:

(NONCHALANT) And I'm back in the room. Hi, Hurmzid.

DOCTOR:

Ace-?

ACE:

(A BIT COOL) Hello, Professor. You've got some explaining to do.

DOCTOR:

I will explain everything, I promise. (FX: RATTLING CHAINS) But first - could you possibly help me with these chains?

SCENE 22: EXT. RIDGEWAY

(FX: AS BEFORE. FADE UP CHOPPER FADING INTO THE DISTANCE)

SALLY:

(GETTING TO FEET) Did they see us?

ARISTIDES:

(ON FEET) No. Didn't recognise the markings.

SALLY:

Well, so long as it wasn't us they were after. —

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY — TWO MORE CHOPPERS APPROACHING AND PASSING OVER THEM THROUGH:)

ARISTIDES:

More of them, headed over the rise! (SETTING OFF) Come on, Private.

(FX: FOLLOW ARISTIDES UP RIDGE)

SALLY:

(FOLLOWING) We're following them?

ARISTIDES:

(STRIDING UP RIDGE) They're going somewhere. They must be.

SALLY:

(FOLLOWING) But there's nothing over that way. Only an old hill fort called Uffington Camp. Nothing there except a nice view of a big chalk horse carved in the hillside opposite. —

(FX: NOW WE'RE WITH ARISTIDES AT THE TOP OF THE HILL. 2 x HELICOPTERS CIRCLING ABOVE. 1 x HELICOPTER TOUCHING DOWN BELOW, ROTORS SLOWING)

ARISTIDES:

That, and a military base.

LIEUTENANT (TANNOY):

(FX: FAR BELOW) Black Knight One touched down. Prepare to receive Black Knights Two and Three.

(FX: SIREN BELOW. HEAVY BOOTSTEPS OF A PLATOON OF SOLDIERS RUSHING ON TO PAD)

[Repeat, Black Knight One touched down. Prepare to receive Black Knights Two and Three.]

SALLY:

Oh my — [God!]

ARISTIDES:

I take it this is new?

SALLY:

What happened to the hill fort? I bet the National Trust had a fit!

ARISTIDES:

You can see why they'd build here. Good defensive position, commands views for miles.

(FX: OFF, ONE OF THE CIRCLING CHOPPERS BEGINS TO DESCEND)

LIEUTENANT (TANNOY):

(FX: FAR BELOW) Black Knight Two, incoming. Clear the area.
[Repeat, Black Knight Two, incoming. Clear the area.]

ARISTIDES:

Come on.

SALLY:

We're going in?

ARISTIDES:

I see squaddies. We're in khakis, we'll pass at a glance. Come on.

(FX: THEY SET OFF DOWN RIDGE)

SCENE 23: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP – HALL

DOCTOR:

(FX: RATTLING CHAINS) Chains, Ace? Please?

HURMZID:

We must hurry. Fenric may return at any moment, and we have not yet found my father.

ACE:

Fenric? He's still in Perivale.

DOCTOR:

Perivale-?

ACE:

Yeah. The white had gone right out of his face when we first arrived there, so I reckon he'll be needing a breather before he can whip up a time storm to get himself back.

DOCTOR:

Yes, forcing his essence in and out of the time vortex will take a considerable effort. But then, he is a considerable opponent – so please, Ace, hurry!

HURMZID:

Could we not use my talisman? The hammer?

ACE:

The shine's gone right off it. Guess it must need time to recharge itself, too. (PASSING HAMMER) But here, have it back anyway. Cheers for the borrow.

DOCTOR:

This is hopeless. Much as it pains me – Ace, you'll have to use your Nitro Nine.

ACE:

On these chains? Well, I could, but I couldn't guarantee it wouldn't take your legs off in the process. (FX: UNZIPPING RUCKSACK COMPARTMENT, PRODUCING OBJECT) Alternatively – I could always use this.

DOCTOR:

My molecular phase disruptor! Where did you get that?

ACE:

Swiped it out of your toolbox when we landed here. Figured I'd be needing some extra kit. Don't complain, not unless you want me to stick a Ganymede Driver somewhere painful. (FX: ACTIVATES BURBLING DEVICE) Alright, hold still.

(FX: USES DEVICE ON CHAINS. ODD CHAINS SAGGING AS THEY'RE DISSOLVED THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

You landed here safely, then? (HESITANTLY) In the, er, one TARDIS?

ACE:

Yes, the two TARDISES are back together. (SARCASTIC) Thanks so much for keeping us in the loop about Private Benjamin, and the sainted Lysandra.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Yes. That.

ACE:

Yes. That.

DOCTOR:

Ace. Don't you see – I was swapping one of my castles for another, to divert my opponent's attention?

ACE:

You could have told us! (BITTER) You just didn't trust us, that's all.

DOCTOR:

And if I'd told you I was playing Fenric?

ACE:

I'd have killed you. – (FX: SHUTS OFF DISRUPTOR) Still might, if you don't hold still!

DOCTOR:

Sorry. (FX: DISRUPTOR ON) What I meant was, if I'd told you I was playing Fenric, would you have been able to trust yourself?

ACE:

Maybe, maybe not. But it'd have been my call. (QUIET) I'm angrier than I've ever been with you, Professor. You can tell by the way I'm not shouting.

DOCTOR:

This is more than a grudge match, Ace. I realised, a long time ago, that something – someone – was stirring up the Elder Gods.

ACE:

Yeah, I know. The Karnas'koi? The – what was it? – Mi'en Kalarash? Moloch?

DOCTOR:

You met Moloch?

ACE:

Oh, me and Hex had a barrel of laughs, sitting out World War Three with your mates Peggy and Albert.

DOCTOR:

No, it was long before Moloch. The giant chess set, in the Swiss sanatorium? I knew. So while you and Hex slept –

ACE:

... while our backs were turned, you mean –

DOCTOR:

... I followed whispers, traces of the Elder Gods on a thousand worlds, over thousands of years. All of them talking about the same thing: an artefact called Weyland's Shield.

ACE:

Yeah, well – we found it. That's how we got here. (FX: SHUTS OFF DISRUPTOR) That's it. All done.

DOCTOR:

(FX: RISING UP, CHAINS FALLING TO FLOOR) Thank you, Ace. Fenric wants that shield. When we cast him back into the outer darkness, it was still as a shapeless spirit. The shield will allow him to regain his natural form – or so he thinks.

HURMZID:

But what is his natural form, if it is not that of a man?

DOCTOR:

Something with an infinity of limbs, some of which creep across whole other dimensions.

ACE:

Think I met a guy like that in a nightclub once.

DOCTOR:

This is no laughing matter, Ace! He's already quite ridiculously powerful, and should he regain his natural form – well, there's no force in the whole of existence that could stop him.

ACE:

So what are going to do about it?

DOCTOR:

Stop him.

SCENE 24: EXT. ARMY BASE — PERIMETER

(FX: FADE UP HELICOPTER ROTORS SLOWING, CLOSER THAN BEFORE.
SQUADDIES' BOOTSTEPS RUSHING OFF)

LIEUTENANT (TANNOY):

(OFF) Black Knight Three touched down. Clear the area. [Repeat,
Black Knight Three touched down. Clear the area.]

(FX: UP CLOSE, ARISTIDES AND SALLY RUN TO HALT)

ARISTIDES:

(MURMURED) Mind the fence. It's electrified.

SALLY:

(MURMURED) This is insane. I should already be inside a barracks,
swotting up for Sandhurst.

ARISTIDES:

(MURMURED) Try not to think about it. What can you see? What have
we got?

SALLY:

(MURMURED) They're unpacking crates from the choppers. All marked
with radiation symbols.

ARISTIDES:

(MURMURED) I meant, at the gatepost?

SALLY:

(MURMURED) Oh, right. Two sentries only. (PANIC) And one of
them's looking straight at me!

ARISTIDES:

(MURMURED) So smile and nod, like nothing's unusual. Just two
regular troopers in camo.

SALLY:

(NON-COMMITTAL, TO SENTRY OFF) Hey there. (BEAT; TO ARISTIDES)
Weird, he looked right through me, almost like I wasn't there.

ARISTIDES:

(MURMURED) That'll be your athazagoraphobia talking. Oh yeah, I
know all about that. Let's walk. (FX: THEY WALK) Head up, chest
out, flash of eye contact. (BEAT) It's working. (TO SENTRIES)
Afternoon.

SALLY:

(WALKING, MURMURED) Not even looking.

ARISTIDES:

(WALKING, MURMURED) Yeah, that is kind of weird. Side-effect of the time storm?

SALLY:

(WALKING, MURMURED) Perhaps – (STOPS, DISTRACTED; ALOUD) Oh, what?!?

ARISTIDES:

(STOPPED, SOTTO) Keep going. Just in case.

SALLY:

(SOTTO) No, look. The sign, on the fence. Look at it!

ARISTIDES:

(SOTTO) 'Ministry of Defence – Uffington Fort – Restricted Area.' Well, we could have guessed as much.

SALLY:

(SOTTO) Below that. Look!

ARISTIDES:

(SOTTO) 'Commanding Officer, General – (BEAT) S Morgan.'

SALLY:

(SOTTO) Tell me that's not a coincidence.

ARISTIDES:

(SOTTO) 'The chaos to come', Fenric said.

SALLY:

(SOTTO) This is our future!

ARISTIDES:

(SOTTO) On the plus side – it looks like you passed those exams.

SCENE 25: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP – CORRIDOR

(FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

ACE:

(AT DOOR) It's alright, coast's clear.

DOCTOR:

(ENTERING CORRIDOR) This way, I think.

ACE:

(WALKING) Where are we going? What's the plan? There is a plan, right-?

HURMZID:

(BEHIND) We have to find my father.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) I need to study that shield. I assume it's safely back in the TARDIS-?

ACE:

(STOPPING) Er, not exactly.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPED) Then Captain Aristides and Private Morgan must be guarding it-?

ACE:

Again, not exactly. Fenric whisked them away in a time storm. No idea where they've got to.

DOCTOR:

Well, then – where is it? (WORRY) Don't say with Mr Hex-?

ACE:

He's not completely useless, you know. Hang about – Hurmzid, I left you guarding Hex.

HURMZID:

When you and the other warrior women did not return, he insisted we enter this castle, to look for you.

ACE:

I take it all back.

DOCTOR:

Well, where is he now-?

(FX: DOOR BANGS OPEN, OFF; THEN SLAMS SHUT)

HEX:

(BREATHLESS) Ohh, am I glad to see you!

DOCTOR:

(WALKING FORWARD, WITH OTHERS) Mr Hex. And the shield, good.

HEX:

Didn't mean you. There's things I've got to say to you. (HUGS ACE)
Ace, I thought – well, you know.

ACE:

Yeah, I know. It's alright.

HURMZID:

You have been running.

HEX:

(TO ACE) Where's Sal? Where's Lysandra?

ACE:

Not dead. Maybe. –

HEX:

What? –

HURMZID:

(URGENT) Friend Hex, what have you been running from-?

(FX: DOOR HEX CAME THROUGH SMASHES OPEN. SEETHING MASS OF
GROANING HAEMOVORES POURS THROUGH. MOANING MENACINGLY THROUGHOUT:)

DOCTOR:

Haemovores.

HEX:

I was in the dungeons, looking for you. I sort of let them out.
By accident, like.

ACE:

(REPROACHFULLY) He-ex!

HEX:

It's alright, turns out they're pretty stupid. Half the time it's
like they can't even see me.

(FX: HAEMOVORE SLASHES THE AIR BESIDE HURMZID)

HURMZID:

They seem to be having little difficulty seeing us!

DOCTOR:

Back away, all of you.

ACE:

No point. No way out behind, and the way forward's swamped. So we're just going to have to clear a path, aren't we?

HURMZID:

Past all of them? We will die!

ACE:

Watch and learn, your Highness. (STEPPING FORWARD, ADDRESSING GROWLING HAEMOVORES) Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. And you at the back, whatever you're supposed to be. I take it I have your attention?

(FX: MOANS)

DOCTOR:

Ace. What do you think you're doing?

ACE:

Won't be a minute. (FX: UNZIPS RUCKSACK) (TO HAEMOVORES) Time to meet a very old and very dear friend of mine. I'd like you all to say hello to Mister Nitro Nine!

(FX: HAEMOVORES GROWL AND SLOBBER)

HEX:

Oh man, she's got the Nitro out.

DOCTOR:

Ace, if you set those off in a confined area like this –

ACE:

I don't have to, Professor! You see, one thing I remember about these guys is that they're allergic to faith. And faith is something I've got a lorry-load of. Well, rucksack-load of, same thing.

HURMZID:

You are not making sense.

ACE:

I'm making perfect sense. (WIELDING NITRO CANISTER) Because I have faith!

(FX: PIERCING 'FAITH' SOUND FROM 'CURSE OF FENRIC', CONTINUING THROUGH:)

A total, utter, complete faith in the transformational power of Nitro Nine explosive!

(FX: HAEMOVORES SCREAM IN PAIN)

DOCTOR:

Oh.

ACE:

Yeah, well – I put my faith in you last time, and look what happened.

HEX:

They're falling back!

HURMZID:

Quickly, while they are in pain!

ACE:

Leg it, all of you! (FX: FAITH SOUND FADES AS THEY RUN, FOLLOWED BY DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

(AS HE PASSES) Excuse me, sir. –

HAEMOVORE:

(GROWLS SHRILLY)

DOCTOR:

So sorry, madam. (RUNS)

SCENE 26: EXT. ARMY BASE – YARD

(FX: BOOTSTEPS AS TROOPERS LUG CRATES IN TWOS INSIDE COMPLEX)

SALLY:

Those crates are all going inside the – I dunno, radio telescope?

ARISTIDES:

A nuclear-powered radio telescope? Don't be absurd.

SALLY:

Well it's got a dish. Or something like a dish.

ARISTIDES:

It looks, I don't know, familiar. Like something else, I can't quite [remember] –

(FX: AIR ATTACK SIRENS BEGIN TO SOUND, THROUGH:)

LIEUTENANT (TANNOY):

Attack imminent. All personnel under cover. [Repeat, attack imminent. All personnel under cover.]

[SQUADDIES:

(ALARMED) Inside, lads! / Hurry it up! / C'mon, shift it!]

(FX: SQUADDIES RUNNING OFF, THROUGH:)

SALLY:

Air attack warning! Captain-!

ARISTIDES:

If we're ghosts, we've got nothing to worry about.

SALLY:

Yeah, if.

ARISTIDES:

Let's find out, shall we? Through the wall, Private Morgan.

SALLY:

Through the wall?

ARISTIDES:

You heard me, soldier. (CHARGING AT WALL, FOLLOWED BY SALLY)
Aaaaaaaaaa [aah-!]

(FX: CUT TO:)

SCENE 27: INT. ARMY BASE — CONTROL ROOM

(NB: THROUGHOUT THE CONTROL ROOM SCENES, SALLY AND ARISTIDES ARE SLIGHTLY DISTANCED FROM THE MAIN ACTION — WATCHING ON)

(FX: BLIPS AND BLEEPS OF MANY CONTROL ARRAYS)

ARISTIDES:

(RUNNING THROUGH WALL, TO STOP) ... aaaaaah!!!

SALLY:

We just ran through the wall. We are ghosts-!

ARISTIDES:

Get over it. (LOOKING AROUND) Where are we, anyway-?

SALLY:

Looks like... I don't know, Mission Control?

(FX: OFF, CLUNKY ELECTRONIC DOOR CHUNKS OPEN)

GENERAL MORGAN:

(WALKING IN) Lieutenant Whiston! Status report?

LIEUTENANT:

(AT CONTROL PANEL) White Fleet in geosynchronous orbit in...
(READING) T minus fourteen minutes, twenty seconds, General Morgan, ma'am!

ARISTIDES:

Houston, we have a problem.

SALLY:

That's me-!

GENERAL MORGAN:

Then it's time to show these people who they're messing with.

SALLY:

I'm so old-!

ARISTIDES:

Yes, and you're sounding like Chuck Norris.

SALLY:

Er... Eighties reference?

ARISTIDES:

Least you haven't grown a beard.

GENERAL MORGAN:

(CALLING OFF) Bring the prisoner!

[OLDER ARISTIDES:

(UNDER HOOD, BEING DRAGGED FORWARD BY 2 x GUARDS) Get off me! You can't do this to me! I'm a private citizen! I said -]

GENERAL MORGAN:

Remove the hood.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

(UNMUFFLED) [I said,] I'm a private citizen, and - (DAZZLED) Bright in here, ow!

ARISTIDES:

But that's [me] -

SALLY:

... really old you. Nice jumpsuit, ma'am.

GENERAL MORGAN:

Lysandra Aristides, formerly of Department C4. You took a lot of finding.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

Morgan? Private Morgan? Why've I been put through the jumpsuit and handcuffs routine?

GENERAL MORGAN:

Please forgive this - extraordinary rendition. But needs must. (ASIDE) Open the overhead shutters.

LIEUTENANT:

Ma'am.

(FX: OVERHEAD SHUTTERS CRANKING OPEN, TO REVEAL SKY ABOVE)

SALLY:

Spaceships!

ARISTIDES:

Thousands of them. What's going on here-?

GENERAL MORGAN:

The position, former Captain Aristides, is as you see through the UV lattice: the White Fleet above is closing in on the Earth.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

Well, who are they? What do they want?

GENERAL MORGAN:

Nothing.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

Everybody wants something.

GENERAL MORGAN:

They've burned their way through the entire solar system. We broke off all attempts at communication after they disintegrated Mars.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

They what?

GENERAL MORGAN:

Four days ago.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

The lights in the sky, all across the northern hemisphere. The meteor showers. They were Mars-?

GENERAL MORGAN:

No, they were our tenth, eleventh and twelfth failed strikes against the fleet. Atomic, bacterial, chemical: all were absorbed or repelled.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

Oh well, thirteenth time lucky.

GENERAL MORGAN:

Don't you see? They're clearing space. Emptying the heavens. They will not stop. They can't be stopped. Not by... regular means.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

Why am I even here, Morgan?

GENERAL MORGAN:

To provide the... irregular means. (TO GUARDS) Sit her down.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

(BEING SAT DOWN) Oof! Whatever the solution to your problem is, I don't have it – former Private Morgan!

GENERAL MORGAN:

Yes you do, Lysandra. And I'm about to get it out of you. (TO LIEUTENANT) Lieutenant – fetch the Truthsayer.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

No!!!

SCENE 28: EXT. THE PLAIN

(FX: THE DOCTOR, ACE, HEX & HURMZID ALL JOGGING)

HURMZID:

(SLOWING, OUT OF BREATH) My friends. Please, wait for me...

ACE:

(STOPPING WITH OTHERS, TURNING) Don't be slacking off, your Highness, the Haemovores can't be far behind.

HURMZID:

Why do you say that with a smile on your face?

HEX:

(OUT OF BREATH) Monsters, sack full of bombs... It's Ace's idea of the perfect day out.

ACE:

Oi!

DOCTOR:

I believe we've put enough distance between ourselves and the Haemovores.

HEX:

What, so we can stop running?

DOCTOR:

I should think so, Mr Hex.

HURMZID:

Your name, 'Mr Hex'. It is almost as strange as Ace's.

DOCTOR:

It means 'curse'.

HEX:

It's short for 'Hector'.

HURMZID:

'Cursed'. Is that why Fenric's creatures paid you so little attention?

HEX:

I'm not cursed, mate - I'm Roman Catholic!

HURMZID:

(ALARMED) You are Roman-?

DOCTOR:

Your Highness, I fear I must spare you a rather involved history lesson. But take it on trust – my friends are your friends. (BEAT) Still – you're right about the Haemovores...

ACE:

Yeah, well, they paid me enough attention for two.

HEX:

Church of England, see? Bound to be your downfall sooner or later.

ACE:

Much as I'd love to sit around swapping banter with you all day, Hexy-boy, we've got more important things to worry about. Like, er, Fenric?

HEX:

Yeah, and Sal and Lysandra.

HURMZID:

Yes, and my father!

DOCTOR:

Like I said, first things first. That shield of yours, Mr Hex – may I see it?

HEX:

(TAKING IT OFF, PASSING IT OVER) Sure. It's lighter than it looks, I almost forget that I'm wearing it.

DOCTOR:

(EXAMINING IT) Yes. (THOUGHTFUL; TO SELF) The boss... from the Forge...

HURMZID:

Those symbols. Are they devil's marks?

ACE:

No, mate. Runes. Ancient Viking.

DOCTOR:

I fear friend Hurmzid isn't so far from the truth.

HEX:

What? Seriously?

DOCTOR:

They may look like runes – but what you see here are instructions, written in a language that none of you could ever hope to understand.

HEX:

Best I can manage is the odd bit of French.

ACE:

I hated French.

HEX:

(GENTLY) Yeah, well – if you would keep bunking off lessons.

ACE:

(SWEETLY) Yeah, well – if I hadn't paid attention in chemistry you'd be dead ten times over by now.

DOCTOR:

(CUTTING OVER, HARSHLY) ... A language we could never hope to understand because to do so, one would need to exist in many more dimensions than those that mortals inhabit.

ACE:

So you'd have to be, what, a Time Lord or something?

DOCTOR:

Ohh, something much more complicated than a Time Lord.

SCENE 29: INT. ARMY BASE — CONTROL ROOM

(FX: METAL SUITCASE UNLOCKED)

LIEUTENANT:

(TAKING OUT BRACELET) The Truthsayer, ma'am.

SALLY:

You're in trouble now, Captain.

ARISTIDES:

You're enjoying this, aren't you?

OLDER ARISTIDES:

There's no need for this, Morgan!

GENERAL MORGAN:

(TO OLDER ARISTIDES) We both know what Eddaeen Truthsayer technology does. We both know it can't be resisted. So: give me Nimrod's passcodes.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

What passcodes?

GENERAL MORGAN:

To access the Higgs Killer.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

The what?

SALLY:

Captain? What's she talking about?

ARISTIDES:

Trust me, Private — you don't want to know.

GENERAL MORGAN:

Don't pretend. Lieutenant — set the Truthsayer to maximum strength. Burn out her frontal lobe if you have to.

LIEUTENANT:

Ma'am —

(FX: TRUTHSAYER BRACELET ACTIVATED — AS PER '45: CASUALTIES OF WAR' AND CC: 'PROJECT: NIRVANA')

OLDER ARISTIDES:

Do you even understand what the Higgs Killer is? What it does?

SALLY:

Well, I'm none the wiser.

ARISTIDES:

Nimrod's last secret, hidden away at the heart of the Forge.

GENERAL MORGAN:

A beam of electrons that kills the Higgs Boson. Fire it at anything with mass and that anything simply falls apart. Becomes unstuck. The White Fleet will become... grey goo.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

A grey goo that'll fall through the atmosphere and poison the whole of the Earth, too!

GENERAL MORGAN:

We know.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

Use it, and you'll most likely destroy [the entire planet -]

GENERAL MORGAN:

... the entire planet, we know. We've run the models. We've crunched the numbers. It's inevitable. Lysandra, we know!

OLDER ARISTIDES:

Don't you care about that?

GENERAL MORGAN:

How long do you suppose the White Fleet's been travelling, Lysandra? How many worlds, suns - galaxies, even - do you suppose it's destroyed? One way or another, the Earth is finished. But by using the Higgs Killer, the human race gets to do the universe a favour.

SALLY:

Captain? Is this true?

ARISTIDES:

Pretty much.

GENERAL MORGAN:

The delivery system is here, on the roof. All we need is the last part of the cipher, to unscramble the electron lock that Nimrod placed on the technology. Then, bang, the White Fleet's gone. And the four and half billion years that the Earth's been around might have actually meant something.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

(TO LIEUTENANT) Turn that thing off, will you?! (FX: TRUTHSAYER POWERS DOWN; TO GEN MORGAN) There's another way out, Sally. There has to be.

GENERAL MORGAN:

There's nothing else to do, Lysandra. It's down to you and me.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

But I don't have that passcode, Sally. Really, I don't.

GENERAL MORGAN:

You led Nimrod's escort at CERN, when he carried out a dummy run for the Killer beam. Creating a lone boson to be passed back through a time field –

OLDER ARISTIDES:

... so it could be destroyed before it even existed, just to prove the technology worked. I know. But I still don't have the passcode.

GENERAL MORGAN:

You were standing over Nimrod's shoulder, you'd have seen it.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

But I didn't-!

GENERAL MORGAN:

Even if your conscious brain didn't record it, your unconscious brain did. But the Truthsayer can remember it for you.

(BEAT)

ARISTIDES:

(BEAT) Don't you dare-!

OLDER ARISTIDES:

(EXHALING) ... B, C, numeral five; then R, F, E, numeral eight.

SALLY:

You told her-!

GENERAL MORGAN:

(ASIDE) Verify that, Lieutenant. (TO OLDER ARISTIDES) That was... easier than expected.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

The Truthsayer's dangerous, set that high. And I'd sooner die with all my faculties intact, thank you very much.

(FX: "COMPUTER SAYS NO" SOUND, OFF)

LIEUTENANT:

Verification failed, Ma'am.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

What? But –

GENERAL MORGAN:

I really wish you hadn't lied, Lysandra.

OLDER ARISTIDES:

That was the code, I promise you!

ARISTIDES:

You stupid woman, she's telling you the truth!

GENERAL MORGAN:

Lieutenant? Activate the Truthsayer. Maximum strength.

LIEUTENANT:

Ma'am.

ARISTIDES:

No! No, you mustn't-!

(FX: TRUTHSAYER SOUND SHRIEKING IN PITCH)

OLDER ARISTIDES:

(SCREAMS)

SCENE 30: EXT. PLAIN

DOCTOR:

(THOUGHTFUL) This plain. This battlefield. Littered with the corpses of Saxons and Vikings. I wonder why...?

ACE:

The Vikings, that's easy enough. They're Fenric's fan club.

HURMZID:

His what?

ACE:

I once spent all night on a pavement with my mate Lauren, just to see Johnny Hates Jazz leave their hotel and get in a cab.

HURMZID:

You are not making sense.

ACE:

You're telling me.

HEX:

Doctor? Are you alright?

DOCTOR:

No, Mr Hex. I'm very far from alright. Think about it, all of you. Those Saxons, why are they even here?

ACE:

Er, fighting the Vikings?

DOCTOR:

Yes, attacking Fenric's Wolves, or those Fenric has turned into Haemovores. But why? On whose behalf?

HURMZID:

Well, his opponent's.

HEX:

(UNCERTAIN) Yours-?

DOCTOR:

Sending all these men to die on my behalf? Does that really sound like something I'd want to be a part of?

ACE:

Who is it, then, who's doing this? Professor? Do you know?

DOCTOR:

I have a certain grave suspicion.

(FX: HAEMOVORES MOAN, OFF)

HEX:

Er, what with all your pontificating, there was something we all failed to notice...?

HURMZID:

The mist has fallen! The monsters are coming again!

ANCIENT ONE:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Stop. You must... stop.

DOCTOR:

(CURIOUS) That's the Ancient One.

ACE:

Looks different from last time.

DOCTOR:

He is different. I wonder what he wants...?

HEX:

What, we're actually waiting to find out?

HURMZID:

My friends, I wish you all the best. But if the monsters are here, then my father is unguarded. My talisman, its shine has recovered. And so –

ACE:

Mate, you're not running out on us?!?

HURMZID:

I am sorry. (FX: STRIKES HAMMER ON GROUND, AS IN SCENE 19) Take me to my father. (BEAT; NOTHING HAPPENS) (FX: STRIKES IT AGAIN) My father!

HEX:

Guess it's all out of juice.

DOCTOR:

I'm very much afraid it's working perfectly.

HURMZID:

What do you mean? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I mean, your father is already here.

ANCIENT ONE:

Once, I made an Emperor crawl at my feet. But now I am no more than a footstool myself.

DOCTOR:

I thought he seemed familiar.

(FX: THE 'FAITH' SOUND STARTS UP IN B/G. HAEMOVORES STEP AWAY)

ACE:

(OFF, TO HAEMOVORES) Nitro Nine! Believe in it!

ANCIENT ONE:

My son. I come to you in search of... absolution.

HURMZID:

Father, my father! I followed you here to free you, but it is too late!

ANCIENT ONE:

It is not too late to release me... my son.

DOCTOR:

Hurmzid – I implore you. Stay away from him!

HURMZID:

How, father? Tell me, [how-?] (GRABBED; THROTTLED) Father? Please, don't-

ANCIENT ONE:

The deaths of many thousands stain my soul. As the Romans suffered, so must I suffer. And learn what it is to lose a son.

HURMZID:

(CHOKED) Father, mercy! Father...! (DIES)

HEX:

No! No!!!

SCENE 31: INT. ARMY BASE — CONTROL ROOM

(FX: TRUTHSAYER POWERS DOWN)

LIEUTENANT:

She's... dead, Ma'am. Burned out.

ARISTIDES:

I don't believe it. Morgan, you killed me!

GENERAL MORGAN:

Then there's nothing more we can do. Dismissed, Lieutenant. There's time enough to call... David, wasn't it?

LIEUTENANT:

But — what about you, Ma'am?

GENERAL MORGAN:

No-one to call. I'm staying here.

(FX: LIEUTENANT BEGINS WALKING OFF)

SALLY:

(LOST) But... why's she just sat there? It's obvious! So obvious!

ARISTIDES:

What is?

SALLY:

The code, it's —

GENERAL MORGAN:

(WONDERING ALOUD) B, C, numeral five; then R, F, E, numeral eight... that's it! (CALLING) Lieutenant! Lieutenant!!!

LIEUTENANT:

(RUNNING BACK IN) Ma'am?

ARISTIDES:

What's going on?

SALLY:

She's remembered something from school. Something from Chess Club.

GENERAL MORGAN:

BC five; R, F; E eight. It's a chess move.

LIEUTENANT:

I — don't follow, ma'am.

GENERAL MORGAN:

Don't you see? Each time Nimrod activated the machine, the passcode changed. You have to feed it the next move...!

LIEUTENANT:

But what is the next move...?

SALLY:

K, F, one... [B, E, six!]

GENERAL MORGAN:

K, F, one... B, E, six! The black queen left undefended! Do it, Lieutenant!

LIEUTENANT:

Ma'am! (FX: BLEEPS ON KEYPAD THROUGH:)

ARISTIDES:

How'd you work that one out?

SALLY:

Bobby Fischer, the game of the century! Ohh, every chess geek knows it! The black queen sacrificed. It's a trap!

(FX: 'YES' BLEEP)

LIEUTENANT:

Passcode accepted, Ma'am! But – it's asking for a second code?

GENERAL MORGAN:

The next move. The trap sprung. The black queen dies. Black mates White in twenty-two!

LIEUTENANT:

Ma'am?

GENERAL MORGAN:

(FX: BUTTONS BLEEPED IN TIME WITH NUMBERS) B, X, B, numeral six.

(FX: 'YES' BLEEP)

LIEUTENANT:

Passcode... accepted. Anti-mass beam charging. (INTO TANNOY AND ALSO FX: OVER TANNOY) Activation in T minus twenty seconds. 19. [18. 17. 16. 15. 14. 13. 12. 11. 10. 9. 8. 7. 6. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1.]

SALLY:

What have I done?!?

ARISTIDES:

By the looks of it? You just destroyed the world.

GENERAL MORGAN:

And may the Lord have mercy on my soul.

(FX: COUNTDOWN TICKS DOWN INTO CLOSING MUSIC)

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

LIEUTENANT:

[...] Activation in T minus twenty seconds. 19. [18. 17. 16. 15. 14. 13. 12. 11. 10. 9. 8. 7. 6. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1.]

SALLY:

What have I done?!?

ARISTIDES:

By the looks of it? You just destroyed the world.

GENERAL MORGAN:

And may the Lord have mercy on my soul.

(CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 32: INT. ARMY BASE – CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: COUNTDOWN ENDS)

LIEUTENANT:

... Zero. Anti-mass beam activated.

(FX: A PIERCING, RUMBLING SHRIEK FROM ABOVE AS THE HIGGS KILLER FIRES A STREAM OF SCREAMING ELECTRONS, THROUGH:)

SALLY:

The sky. It's falling apart! Already!

ARISTIDES:

The Higgs Killer functions at the speed of light. I don't know whether to be impressed or appalled.

SALLY:

It was your Forge made all this possible!

ARISTIDES:

I meant – by you. Just sat there, waiting for the end. I'd have put a bullet through my brain by n– [ow]

SALLY:

(SEEING WHAT GEN MORGAN IS ABOUT TO DO...) No!

(FX: A GUNSHOT. GEN MORGAN'S BODY FLOPS TO GROUND)

ARISTIDES:

Oh. Spoke too soon.

SALLY:

What happens to us, when the world collapses?

ARISTIDES:

If we cease to exist, then none of this will happen.

SALLY:

It won't happen anyway. I won't let it. I'd sooner –

(FX: TIME STORM WHOOSH. FENRIC APPEARS)

FENRIC:

... put a bullet through your brain? Is that what you're thinking, Sally Morgan?

ARISTIDES:

You. Playing your stupid games.

FENRIC:

Ahh, I see your world is ending. "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold." Everything you've ever known, Sally Morgan, reduced to subatomic particles. You will do this. You were born to do this.

SALLY:

But it can still be prevented. You wouldn't be making us watch this, otherwise.

(FX: SLURPING, SLOOPING AS THE WORLD BEGINS TO COLLAPSE AROUND THEM, THROUGH:)

FENRIC:

The very ground is becoming porridge. You must hurry, Sally Morgan. Or perhaps you'd rather your Captain did the deed?

ARISTIDES:

We're not playing, Fenric. We're not your pawns!

FENRIC:

No. No, you are not. So ask yourselves: whose pawns are you?

SALLY:

What-?

FENRIC:

Ah, here it comes. (FX: TIME STORM WHIPPING UP) We will meet again, Sally Morgan, Lysandra Aristides –

SALLY:

(CAUGHT IN TIME STORM) No! Please! Wait- (FX: SHARP CUT TO:)

SCENE 33: EXT. RIDGEWAY

(FX: BIRDSONG)

SALLY:

(DAZED) No...

ARISTIDES:

Get up.

SALLY:

We're back on the Ridgeway.

ARISTIDES:

(LOOKING AROUND) Telegraph poles, but no military base.

SALLY:

So when are we?

ARISTIDES:

My guess is – our time. 2026.

(FX: DISTANT THUNDER)

SALLY:

So all that we saw – that's still in our future?

ARISTIDES:

Yeah, so we can still make it happen.

SALLY:

But we won't.

ARISTIDES:

Won't we?

PEGGY:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) I say! Hello there!

SALLY:

Who's that? Coming out of Weyland's Smithy?

ARISTIDES:

Some civilian. A walker, I guess. – (DOUBLE TAKE) Did you say Weyland's Smithy? As in Weyland's Shield?

SALLY:

The dolmen. I'm so stupid, I didn't see it –

ARISTIDES:

Yes, too busy going on about Sarah Dean's knitting. This must be important!

PEGGY:

(A FEW FEET AWAY) It's Sally, isn't it? Sally Morgan? (TO ARISTIDES) And you —by the sour expression you must be Lysandra Aristides...?

ARISTIDES:

(TO SELF) Not a civilian. So: fair game.

(FX: IN A SUDDEN MOVEMENT, LYSANDRA TURNS...)

SALLY:

Captain, no-!

(FX: AND FIRES OFF A SHOT FROM ALIEN GUN — BER-WHUMP — INTO THE GROUND AT PEGGY'S FEET)

(BEAT)

PEGGY:

Careful where you're shooting, dear. This is ancient ground.

ARISTIDES:

Warning shot. Who are you, and what do you want?

PEGGY:

Don't get so agitated. My name's Peggy, and I wondered — would either of you like a nice cup of tea?

SCENE 34: EXT. PLAIN

(REPRISE FROM SC 30:)

ANCIENT ONE:

The deaths of many thousands stain my soul. As the Romans suffered, so must I suffer. And learn what it is to lose a son.

HURMZID:

(CHOKED) *Father, mercy! Father...! (DIES)*

HEX:

No! No!!!

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

(FX: HURMZID'S BODY FLUMPS TO FLOOR)

HEX:

(SCRAMBLING OVER) *He's dead.*

ANCIENT ONE:

I feel... no different. Is this my damnation?

HEX:

What did you have to do that for, you monster?!

DOCTOR:

Leave him, Hex.

ANCIENT ONE:

(NOTICING HEX FOR THE FIRST TIME) *"Hex". Strange, I have not seen you before. You are... injured.*

HEX:

I'm fine!

DOCTOR:

No. You're bleeding. Your shoulder, it's bleeding.

HEX:

(LOOKS) *What? – (WINCES) Oh, man! How the hell did that happen?*

DOCTOR:

Sit down, Mr Hex. Let me see. (BEAT) Oh dear.

HEX:

Yeah, me clavipectoral fascia. Right where that nutter Barty Kitchen shot me, back in Scutari. (WINCES) Careful!

DOCTOR:

Sorry.

HEX:

I don't get it, I didn't hear a shot.

DOCTOR:

This isn't a wound in the same place, Mr Hex. It's the same wound.

HEX:

What-?

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) How long have we all been playing this game, I wonder?

HEX:

A bleeding man, on a planet of vampires. Couldn't have planned this better, could I?

(FX: NITRO EXPLOSION, SOME WAY OFF. SCREECHING HAEMOVORES)

ACE:

(SOME WAY OFF) Had enough, nasty, or do you want some more?!

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, I think Ace has the Haemovores under control.

ANCIENT ONE:

The game has changed. I must recall these creatures, and depart.

HEX:

Go on, then. Don't hang about.

ANCIENT ONE:

There is indeed a powerful curse on you, "Hex". (FX: SOUND LIKE A GIANT CLAM OPENING) Please. You must... take this.

HEX:

I'm taking nothing off you.

ANCIENT ONE:

It is a part of my bio-armour. You are wounded. It will... protect you.

HEX:

Thanks all the same, but I think I'll pass right now. Besides, it's a bit slimy, like.

DOCTOR:

Put it on, Hex.

HEX:

Seriously?

DOCTOR:

The wound is worse than it looks. The armour will help.

HEX:

You say so – (FX: SLURP AS ARMOUR MOULDS AROUND HEX'S SHOULDER)
Aah! Oh!

DOCTOR:

Better?

HEX:

(SURPRISED) Yeah, that is – yeah!

ANCIENT ONE:

(TO HAEMOVORES) Return to me, you senseless things. Return.

(FX: HAEMOVORES SHAMBLING PAST, GROANING, COWED)

ACE:

(RETURNING) Aww, where are you going? The party's hardly started!

DOCTOR:

Going back to your master, Ancient One?

ANCIENT ONE:

(DEPARTING) The shield remains intact. There is... all to play for, still.

(FX: AND THE ANCIENT ONE, AND THE HAEMOVORES, MELT INTO THE MIST)

DOCTOR:

(CRYPTICALLY) The mist is lifting.

HEX:

Yeah, well – I'm none the wiser. Why'd he help me? Doctor?

ACE:

(SCRAMBLING OVER) What's up? Why'd they retreat? (SEEING HEX) And what is that thing on your shoulder, Hex?

SCENE 35: INT. WEYLAND'S SMITHY

(FX: ENCLOSED, SMALL FIRE. VERY DISTANT SOUNDS OF FOUNDRY, OFF – CLANKING HAMMERS, STEAM)

PEGGY:

(ENTERING) In, dears, in! There's more room than it looks.

SALLY:

(ENTERING) But – this isn't right.

ARISTIDES:

How d'you mean, Private?

SALLY:

Weyland's Smithy is a Neolithic burial mound. It isn't occupied.

PEGGY:

It's just a stove, and a few chairs. It was good enough for old Weyland. They called him the blacksmith of the gods, you know. –

ARISTIDES:

We know. (CROSSING ROOM) What's through here? Sounds mechanical –

PEGGY:

(FX: SHUTS INTERNAL DOOR SHARPLY; MUTED FOUNDRY SOUNDS TO NOTHING) Pipes, that's all. Just pipes. (FX: COPPER KETTLE ON STOVE) Teas all round, is it? I'll warm the pot. –

ARISTIDES:

You knew our names. 'Peggy'. How come you knew our names?

PEGGY:

I know lots of names, dear. Our old friend Fenric – he made an illegal move, showing you your possible futures. I was sent to – well, put that right, I suppose.

SALLY:

Yes, but – [how?]

PEGGY:

I can't rightly say, Private Morgan. Did no-one ever tell you, two wrongs don't make a right?

ARISTIDES:

You're playing the same game, aren't you? The Doctor's game.

PEGGY:

'The Doctor'. Oh yes. Me and my Albert, we so enjoyed playing the Doctor. But that was all such a long time ago. Now, what's missing? I know. Biscuits!

SCENE 36: EXT. PLAIN

DOCTOR:

Now, what's missing?

HEX:

Er – Sal, and Lysandra?

DOCTOR:

Yes. We need them back from – well, wherever they've got to. Ace?

ACE:

Don't look at me, I don't know where Fenric whooshed them away to. All he said was something about a maiden, a wife and a hag. And 'the chaos to come'.

HEX:

Is that all?

ACE:

Oh yeah, and the deaths of everyone on the planet Earth.

HEX:

Do what?

ACE:

Slipped my mind, that bit. Doesn't narrow down their location any, though –

DOCTOR:

No, but I know what might.

ACE:

Hurmzid's hammer! Of course!

DOCTOR:

(PICKING UP HAMMER) His 'talisman', yes. This will take us straight to wherever they are, assuming –

ACE:

Yeah, assuming it's not a trap, and Fenric's not waiting.
(SNATCHING HAMMER OFF HIM) Give me that, Professor-!

DOCTOR:

(WARNING) Ace...!

ACE:

Look, I'll be dead quick. I won't even stop to blow anything up. Promise.

HEX:

Seriously?

ACE:

Fingers crossed, fooled you. (FX: STRIKES HAMMER ON GROUND, AS BEFORE) Take me to Sally Morgan and Lysandra Aristides. (FX: TIME STORM WHIPPING UP) (FADING) Smoke me a kipper, I'll be back for [breakfast]

(FX: AND SHE'S GONE)

SCENE 37: INT. WEYLAND'S SMITHY

(FX: KETTLE WHISTLES)

PEGGY:

Tea's up. How'd you like it, my loves?

SALLY:

Strong and sweet, please.

PEGGY:

(DISTASTE) Army tea, of course. Don't mind mugs, do you? (FX: POURING TEA THROUGH:) My Albert always preferred mugs. Me, I like a nice piece of proper china. —

ARISTIDES:

We don't care about the china! Peggy — whoever you are — your little old lady act is trying my patience.

SALLY:

Captain —

PEGGY:

Now, now, dear — don't trouble yourself on my behalf. The sour-faced Captain is quite right. I'm no more a little old lady than this is a Neolithic barrow. I am old, though.

ARISTIDES:

How old?

PEGGY:

(DARK) Older than you could possibly imagine. (BRIGHT) Drink up.

ARISTIDES:

(GETTING UP) That's it, I've had enough. Come on, Morgan.

SALLY:

(FOLLOWING) But — where are we going?

ARISTIDES:

(FX: OPENING WOODEN DOOR) The M4, then Swindon, then a direct train to London.

PEGGY:

(SITTING, OFF) Good luck with that, dears.

SALLY:

What do you mean?

ARISTIDES:

Come on, Morgan. — (FX: THEY WALK OUT INTO:)

SCENE 38: EXT. BATTLEFIELD [CONTINUOUS]

SALLY:

OK, the M4 should be just over – (BREAKS OFF) Oh my [God.]

ARISTIDES:

Yes, somehow I don't think we're in the West Country anymore.

SALLY:

Red skies. We're back on Fenric's world!

PEGGY:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Not Fenric's world, dear. This is just – the board.

SALLY:

A flat board.

ARISTIDES:

We were on Earth, and then –

PEGGY:

And then Black moved his castle. The game goes on, dear. (FX: TIME STORM WHIPPING UP, OFF) Ah! And here's someone making a move now.

SALLY:

A time storm!

ARISTIDES:

Must be Fenric.

PEGGY:

Oh no. I do believe it's –

ACE:

(MATERIALISED) Phew! Well, at least it's not Perivale.

SALLY:

Ace!

ACE:

Private Benjamin. It's just you and Lysandra, I – [hope]

PEGGY:

Coo-ee! Hello there, Ace, dear. Remember me-?

ACE:

Oh, what?!?

SALLY:

You know her?

ACE:

Hex and me, we went through World War Three because of her and her Albert. Don't let the little old lady thing fool you, she's —

ARISTIDES:

Something else. We're not stupid, McShane.

ACE:

She's an alien god. (POINTEDLY) A minor one.

PEGGY:

Mind you don't cut yourself on that tongue of yours.

ACE:

Alright, where is he?

SALLY:

Her 'Albert', you mean?

ACE:

Moloch. Her boss.

PEGGY:

There's more than one game being played here, dear.

ARISTIDES:

What exactly do you mean by that?

PEGGY:

Look around you, Lysandra Aristides. Over there. — And there. — Oh, and there, too. —

ACE:

More bodies.

ARISTIDES:

Who are they? Saxons? Vikings?

PEGGY:

All sorts, dear. Someone's been bringing whole armies here, to fight Fenric. Gathering them up from all over the place. All different times and places.

ARISTIDES:

Yes, but who-?

PEGGY:

Well, it's got to be someone who's got an old score to settle with Fenric. Someone with the means to move people about in time and space, and charismatic enough to talk them into fighting and dying on his behalf. Now, who do you think that sounds like?

SCENE 39: EXT. PLAIN

HEX:

What's keeping Ace?

DOCTOR:

The hammer will need time to recharge.

HEX:

What, so she'll be coming the long way round?

(FX: LOW RUMBLE OF 'THUNDER' — ACTUALLY ONE OF SEVERAL ELDER GODS MATERIALISING IN THE SKY, BROUGHT BY A TIME STORM, BUT IT'LL SOUND LIKE DISTANT THUNDER HERE)

DOCTOR:

Something in the air. A storm on the way. Come along, Mr Hex. We'll be needing that shield.

HEX:

Oh, right. (HEFTING SHIELD) Well, where are going?

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS.

HEX:

Yeah, like Fenric's really going to let you quit this game of yours before it's finished.

DOCTOR:

I don't suppose he will. But a Time Lord's TARDIS is his castle.

HEX:

Chess again. So you're making a play?

DOCTOR:

No. But I'd like to see the board from another perspective.

SCENE 40: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP – HALL

(FX: AS BEFORE)

FENRIC:

(MURMURED) Ancient One. Come to me.

(FX: TIME STORM FLASH AS ANCIENT ONE APPEARS)

ANCIENT ONE:

My master. You have... returned.

FENRIC:

Returned, yes, to find the Doctor gone!

ANCIENT ONE:

It was the woman. "Ace". She had... great faith.

FENRIC:

So, my opponent has had a free hand, in my absence. But I see from the board that there are few plays left open to him. There, by his castle, the Queen that thinks she's a Knight, the Knight that thinks she's a Bishop... and, yes, a pawn broken free from the [front rank] – (BREAKS OFF)

ANCIENT ONE:

Master? What troubles you?

FENRIC:

The board is not as it was. One of Black's pawns has been taken! The Prince of Persia, I believe...?

ANCIENT ONE:

Once, he was my son.

FENRIC:

And?

ANCIENT ONE:

The ties between a father and his son are not easily severed.

FENRIC:

I would not know. I have no children. Only wolves.

ANCIENT ONE:

With his death, I believed that I would be absolved of my sins. But I am as cursed as I ever was.

FENRIC:

So, you presumed to play my hand for me, Ancient One?

ANCIENT ONE:

I would weep, had I tear ducts in this corruption of a body.

FENRIC:

Pity yourself all you like. The game has no pity. (DECISIVELY)
Summon the Haemovores. I will need more pawns to sacrifice.
Perhaps I will sacrifice you too, my last Bishop. If you're good.

ANCIENT ONE:

Then... the game nears its end?

FENRIC:

One piece is shielded from me still. But I see now that it can
only be hidden behind another. (FX: MOVING CHESSPIECE) White rook
to E7!

SCENE 41: EXT. PLAIN — BY STREAM

(FX: STREAM OFF. MORE LOW 'THUNDER' ... DISGUIISING THE GRINDING 'CHUDD!' OF FENRIC'S CASTLE MOVING INTO POSITION, OFF)

HEX:

(FX: WALKING WITH DOCTOR) More thunder.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) If that's what it is. What a time to be caught without an umbrella. I left a lovely one on the bridge at Arnhem. A black Fulton minister. I couldn't go back for it, the Germans had us hemmed in on three [sides.]

HEX:

(FX: WALKING INTO STREAM — SPLASHING) Oh, man! Gonna be the death of me trainers. — (REALISATION) Hang about, this is the stream we followed before.

DOCTOR:

Then the TARDIS is close by?

HEX:

(SCRAMBLING FORWARD) Just over this ridge, I think — (AT TOP) Oh hell.

DOCTOR:

(FOLLOWING) What is it? Let me see. — Ah.

HEX:

There's the TARDIS alright. But look what's beside it!

DOCTOR:

Yes, Fenric has moved his castle.

FENRIC:

(CALLING, WELL OFF) Doctor! Where are you...? Doctor!!!

HEX:

Oh, and there he is. The original green-eyed monster.

DOCTOR:

(DECISIVELY) Wait here, Mr Hex.

HEX:

You're not gonna go to him-?!

DOCTOR:

(MOVING OFF) Stay out of sight. Protect the shield.

(FX: CROSS TO BESIDE FENRIC:)

FENRIC:

(CALLING YOU) I know you're close by, Doctor. I'm the big bad wolf, I can smell you...!

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Very clever, Fenric, the way you move your pieces around the board.

FENRIC:

It's easy enough. All the matter, all the mass of the universe to come is mine to command here.

DOCTOR:

Like tins on a supermarket shelf. Moving fresh food to the back so the older items can be sold first.

FENRIC:

If you must. So: how would you like me to kill you, Time Lord? Painfully, over centuries? Or painfully, over aeons? Perhaps I should make you watch as I torture your friends to death. Or perhaps I should make them torture each other? What do you think?

DOCTOR:

For all your huffing and puffing, Fenric, you're just a boy who likes pulling the wings off spiders, aren't you?

FENRIC:

The wings off – [spiders?!?] Oh, that's very you, Doctor. Just like the good old days. Or should I say – good Old Times?

DOCTOR:

I've had enough of this, Fenric.

FENRIC:

No you haven't. You revel in the game as much as I do. But it's over now. Show me the shield.

DOCTOR:

I don't have it.

FENRIC:

I can sense it, almost. At the edge of my perception. Out of the corner of my eye. Is it in your TARDIS? ... No. No, it isn't. Where is it...? Where have you hidden it...?

DOCTOR:

(BLUFFING) You've moved your pieces. I've moved mine.

FENRIC:

You exaggerate your importance. Time Lord.

(FX: FEROCIOUS RUMBLE OF 'THUNDER' — ACTUALLY ANOTHER ELDER GOD MATERIALISING IN THE SKY)

DOCTOR:

That's no ordinary thunder. What is that?

FENRIC:

Look up, Doctor. Up into the broiling cosmos.

DOCTOR:

Shapes in the clouds. (CALLING) The Elder Gods, I presume? Gathering for the endgame? (TO FENRIC) I should have known this was a spectator sport.

FENRIC:

They know you, Time Lord. They've enjoyed your antics. Rushing around the bullring of the universe, like some funny little matador. But they always knew — one day you'd over-reach yourself. One day, the bull would run you through. And now, at last, that day has come!

DOCTOR:

No!

FENRIC:

You have lost. Time Lord. (CALLING) Rise up, my wolves! (FX: HAEMOVORE MOANING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS — A MASS OF CREATURES EMERGING FROM ALL AROUND. SOME BREAKING THE SOIL, LIKE ZOMBIES) Rise up from the mists, and the soil! Sweep the Doctor and his friends from the board!

SCENE 42: EXT. BATTLEFIELD

(FX: DISTANT 'THUNDER')

SALLY:

What is that?

ARISTIDES:

Just thunder.

PEGGY:

Oh no. Not thunder, my pet. That's the Old Gods gathering. The game must be nearing its end.

ACE:

That can't be good.

PEGGY:

Fenric will be making his play. Bringing his legions forward.

ACE:

Legions-?

ARISTIDES:

So what are you saying? There's a big push coming-?

SALLY:

Captain, we should get under cover. Defend our position.

ARISTIDES:

You're right. Morgan, McShane – back to the Smithy!

PEGGY:

The Smithy, dear? The Smithy's gone.

ARISTIDES:

Gone? But it was just [here –]

PEGGY:

Well, it's not there now. (TEASING) Perhaps someone's moved it?

ARISTIDES:

'Someone'? Who?

SALLY:

The Doctor?

ACE:

She's winding you up. It isn't him. It can't be.

PEGGY:

Would you care to test that, Ace? Place your faith in him, to repel the hordes of Fenric's wolves?

ARISTIDES:

Oh, so it's 'hordes' now.

SALLY:

Captain? What do we do?

PEGGY:

If I were you, dear — I'd dig out what you can. There's weapons all over the battlefield, if you look. Bits and bobs left here for the armies sent to fight Fenric.

ACE:

Saxon armies-?

PEGGY:

Saxon armies. Roman armies. All sorts of armies.

ARISTIDES:

These Elder Gods. What's wrong with a plain old-fashioned chessboard?

ACE:

Back in Perivale, I had this mate, Midge. Got into 'Dungeons & Dragons' one summer, spent all his time indoors painting up little lead orcs and goblins. Thing was, you didn't need the little lead figures to play the game. He just reckoned they made it more realistic.

PEGGY:

(FX: DIGGING IN MUD, WITH FINGERS) Go on. Have a good root about, all of you. (FX: SLOOP AS SHE PRODUCES SOMETHING FROM THE MUD) Look, here's something!

ACE:

What is it?

PEGGY:

A null field anti-cannon. It might look like a glittery tube with a wind chime for sights, but actually —

(FX: CHIMING JINGLE, THEN LASER WHOOSH! AS SHE FIRES CANNON)

ACE:

Gordon Bennett!

SALLY:

(ASIDE) Captain — are we missing something here?

ARISTIDES:

Like what?

SALLY:

Roman armies? With alien guns?

ARISTIDES:

Your point being...?

SALLY:

Who made all these weapons? What for?

ARISTIDES:

You heard the old woman. To fight Fenric. And that's what we're doing. Fighting Fenric.

SALLY:

I know. It's just – I think someone else is, too.

ACE:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Oi! Why don't you stop gossiping, you two, and start getting your hands dirty?!

PEGGY:

(FURTHER OFF STILL) Look, there's all sorts over here! ... Mind the landmines, though. Beastly things, they should be banned.

ARISTIDES:

You heard them, Morgan.

(FX: THEY START DIGGING. MORE 'THUNDER')

SCENE 43: EXT. PLAIN – BY STREAM

(FX: AS BEFORE – SEETHING MASS OF GROANING HAEMOVORES ADVANCING STEADILY ON THE DOCTOR, THROUGH:)

FENRIC:

(CALLING, FROM BEHIND LINE OF HAEMOVORES) Onward, my legions! Free will to the pawn who takes the Time Lord down! (TO DOCTOR) Make your play, Doctor. If you have one.

DOCTOR:

(BACKING AWAY) Oh, I'm always thinking one step ahead, Fenric. Shouldn't you know that by now?

HEX:

(OFF) Doctor! Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:

I told you – stay back!

HEX:

(OFF) There's more of them this way, coming up from the water!

DOCTOR:

Try not to panic!

FENRIC:

Who are you talking to? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

No-one! Myself!

FENRIC:

... The shield, of course. It's there with you, isn't it? I can't see it, that's all.

HEX:

(WITH THE DOCTOR) Doctor, do something!

DOCTOR:

Any second now, Hex. I think. (UNCERTAIN) I hope.

(FX: OFF, THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES – BRIEF VWORP, THEN...)

FENRIC:

Eh? Your TARDIS, Time Lord. It just –

DOCTOR:

(BLUFFING) Just, er, moving one of the tins around the supermarket shelf?

(FX: ... TARDIS VWORPS BACK INTO EXISTENCE BESIDE HIM)

HEX:

(TO DOCTOR) How'd you do that?

FENRIC:

You cannot! You do not have the power! ... Oh, but this is not your play, is it?

DOCTOR:

(FX: KEY IN DOOR, OPENS) Into the TARDIS, Hex! Hurry!

HEX:

(ENTERING) You don't have to tell me -

FENRIC:

You know what this means, don't you?

DOCTOR:

Make your play, Fenric. If you have one.

(FX: DOOR SHUTS. TARDIS VWORPS AWAY THROUGH:)

FENRIC:

Your castle is not your own, Time Lord! Your castle is not your own!

SCENE 44: INT. TARDIS — CONTROL ROOM

(FX: IN FLIGHT)

HEX:

Come on, Doctor, how did you do it? Summon the TARDIS like that?

DOCTOR:

I didn't.

HEX:

Fenric's face. Thought he was gonna explode with — (DOUBLE TAKE)
You didn't?

DOCTOR:

Any more than I set its next destination.

HEX:

Doctor, you're scaring me. Actually scaring me.

DOCTOR:

All this time I thought I was playing Fenric at some vast game of chess, played out on a cosmic level. I thought I was the black king, and he was the white.

HEX:

You were Black-? But Black's — [evil]

DOCTOR:

Mr Hex. Try looking beyond your literal ideas about good and evil!

SCENE 45: EXT. BATTLEFIELD

(FX: MORE 'THUNDER', AS BEFORE)

PEGGY:

I do believe the gods are all assembled.

ARISTIDES:

Which means-?

ACE:

It's showtime. (FX: KA-CHUNK OF WEAPON) Lock and load, everyone.

SALLY:

(FX: KA-CHUNK) You don't have to tell me.

ARISTIDES:

She doesn't, no. I do, Private! (FX: KA-CHUNK)

SALLY:

Sorry, [Ma'am.]

(FX: TIME STORM FLASH AS FENRIC APPEARS IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE)

PEGGY:

Ah, and there he is. There's old Fenric.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

FENRIC:

(ALoud) The game is nearly run. Our forces are committed. This thing must be played to its end.

(FX: MULTIPLE THUNDERCLAPS - LIKE THE APPLAUSE OF THE GODS. CROSS BACK TO:)

SALLY:

That's not thunder, it's more like -

PEGGY:

The gods applaud.

ARISTIDES:

Where does he think he is? Wembley Stadium?

ACE:

Yeah, they'll be throwing their knickers at him next.

SCENE 46: INT. TARDIS — CONTROL ROOM

(FX: IN FLIGHT)

HEX:

I don't get this. Any of this.

DOCTOR:

In my arrogance, I believed myself to be Fenric's opposite. His equal. But all this time, I've been just another piece on the board. Played for a fool.

HEX:

By Fenric?

DOCTOR:

By his opponent. (FX: TIME ROTOR GRINDS TO A HALT) We've arrived. Bring the shield.

(FX: CUT TO:)

SCENE 47: EXT. RIDGEWAY/WEYLAND'S SMITHY

(FX: TARDIS DOORS OPEN. BIRDSONG)

HEX:

Oh. I was expecting – I dunno, a dungeon or something.

DOCTOR:

We're on the Ridgeway Path. An ancient route through the west of England. Early in the Middle Ages, I'd say.

HEX:

Pretty. (SPOTTING SOMETHING ON THE DISTANCE) Hey, on the far hill. One of those big chalk horses.

DOCTOR:

A white knight, watching over the enemy camp.

HEX:

You what?

DOCTOR:

Everything's symbolic.

(FX: SOME WAY AWAY, METAL BEING BEATEN ON AN ANVIL)

HEX:

Hang about – what's that sound? –

DOCTOR:

To your left, Mr Hex. Follow me.

(FX: THEY WALK. ANVIL SOUNDS CONTINUE SPORADICALLY, THROUGH:)

HEX:

Oh. Yeah. There's smoke, coming out of that – I dunno, cave?

DOCTOR:

It's a dolmen, a Neolithic burial site. Legend calls it Weyland's Smithy.

HEX:

Weyland? Like Weyland's Shield?

DOCTOR:

Weyland was the blacksmith of the gods. They say that if your horse needed shoeing, you could tie it here, and bury a coin, and the job would be done by the morning. (FX: THEY STOP) (CALLING) Hello? Anyone home?

(FX: ANVIL SOUNDS STOP. A MAN STEPPING OUT OF THE MOUND)

WEYLAND:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) (GRUFF) Do you something, stranger?

HEX:

(TO DOCTOR) That's a relief, it's just a man. I was expecting a monster or something.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING WEYLAND) We've not met. But we're not strangers, I think.

WEYLAND:

Didn't hear you arrive. Been busy, at my forge.

HEX:

His what?

DOCTOR:

Hex, may I introduce Weyland, a blacksmith. (DARK) The. Black. Smith.

HEX:

(REALISATION) Oh no.

WEYLAND:

Everything's symbolic. "Hex".

DOCTOR:

Weyland – or Volund, in the original Norse. Fenric's opponent. A maker of weapons. Tools for gods to fight other gods.

HEX:

The man who made the shield!

WEYLAND:

"Man", you say. (FX: PIERCING THROB AS WEYLAND BEGINS TO MANIFEST HIMSELF IN HIS NATURAL FORM, THROUGH:) (EFFORT) Little mortal, I am so much more than a man.

HEX:

What's he doing? What's happening?

DOCTOR:

Don't look at him, Hex.

HEX:

His angles are all wrong. His shape, it doesn't make sense!

DOCTOR:

His natural form. He's an elder being, from the dark places beyond your dimension. – I said, look away!

HEX:

There are – colours in him. Colours like I've never seen.

WEYLAND:

(FX: HORRIFIC VOICE DISTORT) Look at me. Hex. Am I not mighty? Am I not your god?!?

DOCTOR:

Close your eyes, Hex! Your consciousness isn't able to take him in, not like this! It'll snap!

HEX:

(LOSING IT) But he is, Doctor. He is mighty. He is my god!

DOCTOR:

Please, Hex! You'll go mad!

WEYLAND:

(D) (LAUGHS)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:

Close your eyes, Hex! Your consciousness isn't able to take him in, not like this! It'll snap!

HEX:

(LOSING IT) But he is, Doctor. He is mighty. He is my god!

DOCTOR:

Please, Hex! You'll go mad!

WEYLAND:

(D) (LAUGHS)

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

SCENE 48: EXT. WEYLAND'S SMITHY [CONTINUED]

DOCTOR:

Weyland – Volund – whoever you are, I demand you revert to human form!

WEYLAND:

(D) You? A single grain of sand on a beach, begging a mighty ocean to retreat. You are nothing.

DOCTOR:

No. I'm the Doctor. And that was your one warning!

HEX:

So many, many colours...

(FX: PIERCING THROB DROPS AS WEYLAND RETURNS TO HUMAN FORM)

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

WEYLAND:

The shield still has its part to play. *(FX: SNAPS FINGERS)* You.

HEX:

(DULLY) My Lord Weyland-?

WEYLAND:

The endgame is near. Return to my castle, the TARDIS. The door will be open. Wait for me there.

HEX:

As you command. (WALKS)

DOCTOR:

"Your" TARDIS, Weyland? You will never be master of my TARDIS.

WEYLAND:

I already am. Don't you realise how long this game has been running?

DOCTOR:

Since Scutari. Since Hex sustained a mortal wound that you stepped in to cure.

WEYLAND:

He is my creature. Without my protection, he would have long since bled to death.

DOCTOR:

Hex is not your pawn! He is a human being!

WEYLAND:

No. He is just another weapon from the fires of my Forge.

DOCTOR:

Your Forge? (UNCERTAIN) The Forge was Nimrod's creation. Not yours.

WEYLAND:

Ohh, I was always there, Time Lord. Unseen. Unnoticed. Unacknowledged.

DOCTOR:

I don't believe you.

WEYLAND:

A long game, yes. Laying my tricks and traps, filling your TARDIS with my Black agents. Sergeant Aristides, another product of the Forge. Private Morgan, whose parents died in a volley of bullets made here, by me.

DOCTOR:

That isn't possible-!

WEYLAND:

Perhaps you think they just fell into your path? Like Dorothy McShane?

DOCTOR:

What's Ace got to do with it?

WEYLAND:

Look out on the hillside, Doctor. The chalk horse?

DOCTOR:

Fenric's White Knight. So-?

WEYLAND:

He was always watching me; do you think I was never watching him? As far back as... what was the name of it...? 'Perivale', yes.

DOCTOR:

Perivale-?

WEYLAND:

How was it you once described it? "An idyllic place, with lush green fields, [and] —"

DOCTOR:

... and a village blacksmith. I remember.

WEYLAND:

Your friends were always mine, like Dorothy McShane once belonged to my opponent. Poor Doctor. So long now, you've been the plaything of the gods. But your part in the game is over. (BEGINS STRIDING OFF)

DOCTOR:

Wait — where are you going?

WEYLAND:

(WALKING) I depart for the battlefield.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER HIM) And what about me? What will you do with me?

WEYLAND:

(AT TARDIS DOOR) Why — nothing, Doctor. But if you wait here a thousand years or so, you'll have a fine view of the end of this world at the hands of my agents. (FX: TARDIS DOOR SLAMS; IT DEMATERIALISES IN A TIME STORM)

DOCTOR:

Weyland, wait! You can't just leave me [here!] (BEAT; THE TARDIS HAS GONE) (TO SELF) ... Oh. You can.

SCENE 49: EXT. BATTLEFIELD

FENRIC:

(CALLING) Reveal yourself, my opponent! Reveal yourself, I say!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SALLY:

Whoever he's expecting, looks like a no-show –

(FX: AND THEN, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SOUND FIELD TO FENRIC, THE TARDIS VWORPS INTO EXISTENCE. MORE THUNDERING APPROVAL)

ARISTIDES:

The TARDIS.

ACE:

It can't be-!

ARISTIDES:

Face it, McShane. The old woman was right about the Doctor.

PEGGY:

Oh, Peggy was only teasing you, ducks. (UNCERTAIN) Unless... no. No, surely not...

(FX: CROSS TO: TARDIS DOOR OPENS... AND WEYLAND STEPS OUT)

WEYLAND:

Fenric. I am ready!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SALLY:

That's not the Doctor. That's – I don't know who that is!

ACE:

Freddie Mercury, to judge by the 'tache. Guess this is Wembley, after all.

PEGGY:

That's Volund, girl. Mighty Volund.

ARISTIDES:

Who's 'Volund' when he's at home?

SALLY:

It's Weyland. Don't you see? 'Volund' was another name for Weyland!

ACE:

As in Weyland's Shield?

SALLY:

Exactly! Weyland was the blacksmith of the gods, you see –

ARISTIDES:

Yes, we've established that. – Look, there's Schofield. Coming out of the TARDIS!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

FENRIC:

(CALLING) We play the game again, Volund. But – where is the shield?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

WEYLAND:

(CALLING) Safe from you! Don't you fear – I'll keep to our bargain, Fenric. Win the game, and the shield is yours!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SALLY:

I don't get it. Hex is holding the shield. Why can't Fenric see him-?

ACE:

What I don't get is, why's Hex just standing there-? (CALLING) Hex. H– (MUFFLED BY ARISTIDES)

ARISTIDES:

(HISSED) Shut up, McShane!

ACE:

(MUFFLED SHOUT) [Hex!!!]

(FX: CROSS TO:)

FENRIC:

(CALLING) Ah. I see – your knight, your bishop, your pawn... oh yes, and the troublesome piece that never seems to know which side it's on. Is that all you have to play with, Volund?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

WEYLAND:

(CALLING) There's more, Fenric. Much more. Make your play!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

FENRIC:

(CALLING) (FX: TIME STORM WHIPPING UP THROUGH...) Men of the Dane, men of ancient bloodgilt, Fenrir [sic] calls you to honour the debt you left unpaid...

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SALLY:

What's he saying?

PEGGY:

I'd've thought that was obvious, dear.

ACE:

(BREAKING FREE OF ARISTIDES) Get off me, Lysandra! ... He's summoning his wolves. Summoning an army!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

FENRIC:

(CALLING) I will receive payment in your souls, and your place in Hell will be judged worthy!

(FX: TIME STORM PEAKS — AND A GROANING MASS OF HAEMOVORES IS SUDDENLY IN PLACE, BESIDE HIM. CROSS TO:)

ARISTIDES:

A few thousand zombie Vikings. I'd call that 'game over'.

(FX: CROSS TO WEYLAND SUMMONING UP HIS ARMY IN TIME STORM:)

WEYLAND:

(CALLING) Come to me, Men of Mercia. Men of Wessex, heed my call!

PEGGY:

(SIGHING, SCHOOLGIRL CRUSH) I suppose — he does look a little like Freddie Mercury when he puffs his chest out like that.

SALLY:

How do you know Freddie Mercury?

PEGGY:

I spent a little time on Earth, dear. Everyone likes a spot of Queen, don't they? 'We Will Rock You', that's my favourite.

(FX: TIME STORM PEAKS — AND A GROANING MASS OF ZOMBIE SAXONS IS SUDDENLY IN PLACE, BESIDE WEYLAND)

ARISTIDES:

And in the black corner — zombie Saxons.

ACE:

Vikings... versus Saxons. And us in the middle. What do we do now, 'Captain'?

ARISTIDES:

How should I know?

SALLY:

The Doctor would know.

ARISTIDES:

Yes, well – he's not here, is he? We can't ask him.

ACE:

Oh, but we can. Because I've still got Prince Hurmzid's hammer. And going by the shine on it – it's nicely charged up now. (FX: STRIKES HAMMER ON FLOOR) The Doctor! (FX: TIME STORM WHIPS UP AROUND HER, THROUGH:)

ARISTIDES:

Oh, nice. What are we supposed to do in the meantime?

ACE:

(FADING AWAY) Just – find a foxhole and wait, Lysandra!

(FX: AND SHE'S GONE. CROSS TO:)

FENRIC:

(CALLING) You call this rabble of yours an army, Volund? My wolves will gain little sustenance from such... thin blood.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

WEYLAND:

(CALLING) Get on with it, Fenric!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

FENRIC:

(CALLING) As you wish. (TO HAEMOVORES) Advance!

(FX: HAEMOVORES CHARGE AT SAXONS, SHRIEKING, GROANING. CROSS TO:)

WEYLAND:

(CALLING) At them, Men of Mercia! Let battle be joined!

(FX: ROARING, THE SAXONS CHARGE TO MEET THE HAEMOVORES. THUNDEROUS 'APPLAUSE'. LIGHTNING, PERHAPS, AS THE GODS 'CHEER'?)

SCENE 50: EXT./INT. WEYLAND'S SMITHY

(FX: BIRDSONG AS BEFORE. REPEATED TAPPING OF HAMMER ON ANVIL OFF, FROM INSIDE SMITHY. TIME STORM FLASH AS ACE MATERIALISES OUTSIDE)

ACE:

Well, at least it's not Perivale. (CALLING) Professor!

(FX: HAMMER STOPS)

ACE:

(CREEPING FORWARD) Professor...?

DOCTOR:

(FX: FLIPPING UP METAL VISOR/FACEPLATE) Ace. There you are!

ACE:

Where've you been? And what's with the faceplate, and the gauntlets?

DOCTOR:

Ah. Those. I've been doing a spot of metalwork. Come in, come in. —

(FX: FOLLOW THE DOCTOR AND ACE INSIDE SMITHY)

ACE:

Hang about — this place was on Fenric's world, just a half-hour back!

DOCTOR:

This is Weyland's Smithy. Weyland must have moved it.

ACE:

Then — this is where the shield came from, right?

DOCTOR:

Right. I've been making myself a hammer, so I can whisk up a time storm and get back to the— (BREAKS OFF) Ace? Is something wrong?

ACE:

It's not you, is it? Making Weyland's weapons? Doing all this—?

DOCTOR:

Don't be absurd. (FX: CLANGS HAMMER, THE HEAD CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR) As you can see, metalwork's not exactly my forte.

ACE:

(LAUGHING) Call that a hammer? I call that a CSE fail.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well – fortunately, my faithful companion has returned with Hurmzid’s talisman. So – we’re leaving.

ACE:

Gonna have to wait a bit, first. It’s not charged up.

DOCTOR:

Strike it, on the anvil. Go on.

ACE:

(SHRUGGING) Alright –

(FX: STRIKES HAMMER ON ANVIL. GLITTERY, ‘MAGIC’ EFFECT AS HAMMER RECHARGES)

ACE:

Oh, what-?! It’s all shiny again!

DOCTOR:

Restored at the place it was forged.

ACE:

What is it, magic?

DOCTOR:

A kind of magic, perhaps.

ACE:

Don’t you start on the Freddie Mercury references. – Hold on, this is where Weyland makes his weapons, right?

(FX: OPENING HATCH, OFF; FOUNDRY NOISES FROM DEEP BELOW THE EARTH, AS HEARD IN PART THREE)

DOCTOR:

He has a whole foundry, deep beneath the Earth.

ACE:

Mega!

DOCTOR:

Mega?! Ace, this is a death factory!

ACE:

Yeah, sure. But it’s all kicking off on the battlefield, and your black TARDIS pals are right in the middle of it. Reckon they might be needing back-up, don’t you?

SCENE 51: EXT. BATTLEFIELD

(FX: THE BATTLE RAGES. FENRIC AND WEYLAND ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE STEREO FIELD, AS BEFORE)

FENRIC:

(EFFORT, MUTTERING) Volund – the maker, the builder, the shaper of destructions and artifices.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

WEYLAND:

(EFFORT, MUTTERING) Fenric – trickster, player of games, dragged back to the endless beyond.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

FENRIC:

(LOUDER, EFFORT) Volund – to be drained, to be exhausted, to be left to rot; his bones picked clean by dimensional scavengers; his black ichor smeared across the stars. –

(FX: CROSS TO:)

WEYLAND:

(LOUDER, EFFORT) Fenric – to be endlessly humiliated, to be trampled into the quantum foam. His cursed sacrifice awaits him; his tainted vessel his undoing. –

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 52: EXT. THE PLAIN – FOXHOLE/NO MAN'S LAND [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: WATCHING ON AS THE BATTLE RAGES...)

ARISTIDES:

What are they doing?

SALLY:

Dissing each other, I think. You know, like a rap battle-?

ARISTIDES:

What-?

SALLY:

Sorry. Noughties reference.

PEGGY:

Our Miss Morgan is right. Trading insults, with the blows. Poor loves, they're exhausting themselves.

ARISTIDES:

They're getting tired-?

PEGGY:

You try keeping an army of zombies going with only the power of you mind, dear. Anyone would get tired, even Elder Gods.

ARISTIDES:

Then this is as good a chance as we're going to get. Morgan – you see that ridge, over to the East? Cover me.

SALLY:

But that's right through the Haemovores!

ARISTIDES:

We're getting nowhere stuck in this foxhole. If we can secure that position, we've half a chance of taking a shot or two at Fenric himself.

PEGGY:

Well, yes. Sure a couple of gnat bites will finish old Fenric off.

ARISTIDES:

(IGNORING HER) Once I'm up there, I'll cover your way over – clear?

SALLY:

Yes. Ma'am.

ARISTIDES:

Right. Here goes. – (FX: RUSHES OFF, THROUGH MUD)

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, SALLY RELEASES AN ONGOING STREAM OF LASER FIRE)

PEGGY:

(MILDLY) Mind you don't take her scalp off.

SALLY:

(FIRING) Shut up, Peggy! — (FX: LASER STREAM SPLUTTERS TO STOP)
No, I'm out of ammo!

PEGGY:

Photon stream is only meant for short bursts, dear. —

(FX: CROSS TO ARISTIDES, AMONG THE HAEMOVORES:)

HAEMOVORES:

(GROANING, SLASHING)

ARISTIDES:

Where's that covering fire-? Morgan? (SHOUTING) Morgan-!!!

(FX: SLASH OF TALONS)

ARISTIDES:

(SLASHED ACROSS FACE, CRIES OUT) Aaah-!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

PEGGY:

Oh, she's down. Such a pity. Let's hope they make it quick.

SALLY:

Captain!!!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

ARISTIDES:

(FLOORED, FIGHTING OFF HAEMOVORES WITH BARE HANDS) I will not go down! I will not give in- (FX: SLASHED AGAIN) Aaah!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

PEGGY:

Don't look, dear. It's horrible —

(FX: TIME STORM GATHERING...)

SALLY:

Wait. Something's materialising —

(FX: FLASH — AND A CHIEFTAIN TANK BEGINS CLANKING FORWARD)

SALLY:

A tank-?!?

(FX: CROSS BACK TO ARISTIDES, STILL FIGHTING)

ARISTIDES:

For King and Country. I die for King and Country –

(FX: THE 'SINGING' BEGINS, VERY FAINT. [SHE STILL HAS FAITH IN THE FORGE.] HAEMOVORES SNARL, REPELLED BACK...]

ARISTIDES:

What? Why are you falling back-?

SALLY:

(OFF, CALLING) Captain, cover your ears! There's a tank!!!

(FX: TANK TRUNDLES TO HALT, TURRET ROTATES...)

ARISTIDES:

A tank-?!?

(FX: TANK FIRES – INTO THE HAEMOVORES ATTACKING ARISTIDES. GROANING STOPS AS THEY EXPLODE. WET FLESH RAIN)

ARISTIDES:

(DISGUSTED) Eugh, they're rotten-! All rotten-

(FX: TANK HATCH OPENS)

ACE:

(POKING OUT OF HATCH) Alright, Lysandra? No, no – don't thank me. You know, for saving your life.

ARISTIDES:

(GETTING UP) McShane, I should have known. You're not going to let me forget this, are you?

ACE:

Uuuh... nope. Is that Haemovore in your hair?

SALLY:

(RUNNING UP) Ace? Where did you get the tank?

PEGGY:

(JUST BEHIND) Weyland's Smithy. Isn't it obvious, poppet?

ACE:

Yeah, yeah. Come on, you lot, meter's running.

(FX: QUICK FADE TO:)

SCENE 53: INT. TANK [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: ARISTIDES, THEN SALLY, THEN PEGGY, CLAMBERING DOWN RUNGS OF INTERIOR LADDER)

ARISTIDES:

(STEPPING OFF) Cosy. (SEEING DOCTOR) Oh, and look who it isn't.

SALLY:

(STEPPING OFF) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Hello, Sally Morgan. Lysandra. —

PEGGY:

(STEPPING OFF) Not got a 'hello' for me, Doctor? (BEAT) Ooh, his face. Got a right monk on.

DOCTOR:

What is that — creature, doing here?

ACE:

(SLIGHTLY OFF, IN DRIVING SEAT) Sorry, forgot to mention. I know, bit of an oversight.

ARISTIDES:

No more of an oversight than running two TARDISES in tandem, and neglecting to mention the fact to either crew?

PEGGY:

(MOCK OUTRAGE) He didn't-!

DOCTOR:

In the fullness of time, Lysandra, I shall beg you for all of the forgiveness in the universe. But in the meanwhile — where's Hex?

SALLY:

Last we saw, he was with Weyland, close to the TARDIS. Doctor, he's possessed.

DOCTOR:

I know. (CALLING) Ace...?

(FX: REVVING TANK ENGINE)

ACE:

(COCKNEY) Right you are, guv'nor. Had one of them Elder Gods in the back of me cab, once. I'm no deo-phobe, but they're just not like us, are they?

ARISTIDES:

Get on with it, McShane —

(FX: TANK LURCHES SUDDENLY)

ARISTIDES/SALLY/PEGGY:

(ALL THROWN) Whoa!/Ohh!/Careful!

ACE:

Sorry!

(FX: RUMBLING OF TANK, AS HEARD FROM INSIDE)

ARISTIDES:

Where d'you learn to drive a tank, anyway?

ACE:

I didn't.

ARISTIDES:

That makes me feel so much better.

ACE:

Look. Push this stick here – (FX: ROAR OF ENGINE) ... we go forwards. Pull it, we go backwards. Left and right, easy. This button, though, that's my favourite. Press that, and –

DOCTOR:

(WARNING) Ace...!

ACE:

Ohh, you never let me have any fun!

SALLY:

(ASIDE) Doctor, there's something you should know. Me and the Captain, Fenric showed us – took us – into the future. Our future. I was a General.

PEGGY:

Congratulations, dear.

DOCTOR:

Quiet, you. (TO SALLY) You were a General, and –

SALLY:

I destroyed the world, Doctor. I killed the Higgs Boson. Everything just... came apart. Was it... was it a trick?

DOCTOR:

Let's worry more about our immediate future, Sally Morgan.

SALLY:

You mean – it wasn't a trick?

PEGGY:

Course it wasn't. You, me, the Captain, your friend Hex – we're Volund's. We're his pawns, all of us. Always have been—

SALLY:

I don't understand —

PEGGY:

Fenric, he wanted to turn your heads. Turn Volund's pawns against him.

DOCTOR:

Sally, you're nobody's pawn.

PEGGY:

Oh no? All of you, you're still moving against Fenric. Playing Black's game for him. (BEAT; ANNOYED) Well, aren't you?

ARISTIDES:

(COMING OVER) And what about you, 'Peggy'? Why are you on Weyland's side?

PEGGY:

'Cos Volund's got my Albert, hasn't he? Moloch rescued the pair of us from the Doctor's trap, only it turned out Moloch was betting on Volund's side. The great horror's somewhere up above us now, enjoying the game. Any road up — Volund wanted one of us in the field, working for him, 'cos we knew the Doctor, see?

DOCTOR:

So Albert's his hostage.

PEGGY:

I does miss him so. But soon it'll be time to get him back, like Volund promised.

DOCTOR:

Like I told my old friend Hurmzid — never make deals with demons.

PEGGY:

What d'you mean? Volund'll come good on his promise. (UNCERTAIN)
He has to. He must —

ACE:

(EXCITEDLY) I see him! Slipping through the Haemovore lines!

DOCTOR:

Hex.

SCENE 54: EXT. BATTLEFIELD [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: TANK GRINDS TO A HALT. HATCH OPENS)

ACE:

(CALLING) Hex! Mate! (CLIMBING OUT) What're you playing at?

HEX:

(POSSESSED) I must carry out my master's bidding. Don't try to stop me, Dorothy McShane!

ACE:

Right, you asked for it. (FX: JUMPING TO GROUND) (CALLING UP) Alright, girls. Come and get him.

(FX: SALLY AND ARISTIDES CLIMBING OUT OF HATCH, THROUGH:)

HEX:

"Girls"? You mustn't impede me...!

SALLY:

(FX: JUMPING TO GROUND) It's alright, Hex. We're not going to hurt you.

ARISTIDES:

(FX: JUMPING TO GROUND) Well, no more than we have to.

HEX:

Stay back-!

ACE:

Relax, Hex. Three women are about to wrestle you to the floor and drag you inside a cab. Try to think of it as all your Christmases come at once. (TO SALLY AND ARISTIDES) Get him.

HEX:

No! No!

(FX: THEY ADVANCE ON HIM. FADE TO:)

SCENE 55: EXT. ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD

(FX: DISTANT BATTLE)

ANCIENT ONE:

(STAGGERING UP, MORTALLY WOUNDED, RASPING) My lord Fenric. The battle... goes badly.

FENRIC:

(KNACKERED) You are wrong, Ancient One. Volund only exhausts himself, flinging his rabble at my Haemovo— (STOPPING SHORT) You appear to have been... run through. With a spear.

ANCIENT ONE:

I am... wounded. (FX: COLLAPSES TO GROUND)

FENRIC:

Mortally, yes. (CURIOUS) What's it like?

ANCIENT ONE:

Soon... my sins will be beyond me... (GURGLES)

FENRIC:

(LOST IN OWN THOUGHTS) ... I wonder, though. Why does Volund engage in this war of attrition? Soon, neither of us will have the energy to — (REALISATION) Oh! Oh, that's his gambit, is it? Holding his best pieces back for the *coup de grace*? Well, I'm not falling for that! Ancient One, we must retreat to my castle at once! ... Oh, you're dead. How... disappointing. (HURRIES AWAY)

SCENE 56: INT. TANK

(FX: HEX BEING FORCIBLY SET DOWN)

HEX:

(STRUGGLING) Let me go! I must do as my master commands...!

DOCTOR:

It's alright, Mr Hex. You're among friends.

(FX: HUM FROM SHIELD)

SALLY:

The runes on the shield. They're glowing.

DOCTOR:

Relaying Weyland's commands.

ACE:

But it led him to Fenric before!

DOCTOR:

Exactly. Ace, Sally – hold him down. Lysandra – take the shield from him.

HEX:

(SHIELD BEING WRESTLED FROM HIM) No! No, you mustn't-!

ARISTIDES:

Don't struggle, Schofield. – There.

(BEAT)

SALLY:

How's that? Hex?

HEX:

(UN-POSSESSED) I feel awful.

ACE:

Yeah, you're bleeding.

HEX:

What? – Oh, man. Me shoulder. Again.

DOCTOR:

Yes, the Ancient One's bio-armour has disintegrated.

HEX:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Because the Ancient One has died, I suspect.

SALLY:

(FIDDLING IN POCKETS) Hold on, I've got a compress. —

HEX:

(WINCING) Ow! Sal-!

SALLY:

Just hold still. Big baby.

ACE:

Hex, mate. That wound, that's where —

HEX:

Yeah, I know.

ACE:

What the hell is going on?

PEGGY:

Yes, dear. Hell is going on. And on. And on.

DOCTOR:

Weyland saved Hex's life, back in Scutari, so he could use him, like he's used all of us. I thought I was playing Fenric for the fate of the cosmos. But I'm just another piece on the board. And not even an important one. All I had to do was bring Hex here.

HEX:

It was always gonna end this way, Doctor. "Hex". Even me name means "Cursed".

SALLY:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

He's Weyland's secret weapon. Invisible to Fenric, brought here under the smokescreen of all my plans and plots and scheming.

ACE:

Invisible?

HEX:

The Haemovores couldn't see me, remember?

DOCTOR:

The shield. It's something to do with the shield.

ARISTIDES:

I know what it is. I remember. Morgan, look-! If I invert the shield...!

SALLY:

It's still just a shield – (REALISATION) Oh, no.

ARISTIDES:

It's a dish. A bit like a radio telescope?

ACE:

What are you two witches on about-?

SALLY:

Fenric showed us our futures. There's a base, at Uffington Camp. That's what I used – will use – to destroy the world. Well, a giant version of it.

ARISTIDES:

Powered by the same boss, see?

DOCTOR:

The boss from the Forge.

ARISTIDES:

It's an anti-mass accelerator. It kills the Higgs Boson.

DOCTOR:

I think I'm beginning to understand.

ACE:

Go on, then. Amaze us.

DOCTOR:

The shield's not a defence, but a weapon. It removes mass from the universe. The person who wields it can reshape... everything. Everything that ever was, everything that ever will be.

ACE:

Yeah, and it makes you invisible.

DOCTOR:

It sucks mass from the wearer.

HEX:

That'll be why the Haemovores couldn't see me, eh? Why I couldn't use any of those guns?

DOCTOR:

Weyland made it, manufactured it. Such power would set him up above the gods. Above all of the gods.

PEGGY:

So Fenric challenged him for it. A supremely powerful weapon.
(BITTER) And Volund gave it to you... feeble children.

DOCTOR:

The gods can't interfere directly in the workings of our mortal realm. It's not good sport.

SALLY:

Weyland was using us to unleash its energies. Me, you, the Captain...

ARISTIDES:

And Nimrod. Don't forget Nimrod.

DOCTOR:

But that was all in a future that didn't happen. Because the shield never ended up in Nimrod's hands, did it?

ARISTIDES:

... because we took it away, back in Beowulf's time. We brought the shield here!

DOCTOR:

And threw the game into disarray. Ironic – Fenric possessed the shield's owner, but he couldn't possess the shield.

HEX:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Because, for now, only Weyland's pieces can see it, let alone take it. Fenric can only take it if he wins.

SALLY:

Then... Fenric was playing with us, by showing us that future?

DOCTOR:

I imagine he wanted to turn you against Weyland, so that Weyland would lose and deliver him the shield.

ACE:

Hang about. If Weyland wants to destroy the universe, and Fenric is fighting him...

PEGGY:

Yes, what does that make you, dears? The goodies, or the baddies?

(FX: CRASH AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE TANK)

ACE/SALLY/DOCTOR:

Whoa!/Urgh!/Oof!

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, SHIELD CLATTERS TO FLOOR)

ARISTIDES:

(DROPPING SHIELD) The shield-!

HEX:

What was that...?

WEYLAND:

(FROM OUTSIDE) Hex! Hex! Treacherous cur, you have a mission to perform! (EFFORT - SHOIVING TANK AGAIN)

(FX: EVERYONE INSIDE TANK RATTLED ABOUT AGAIN)

ACE:

Weyland.

SALLY:

Yes, but he's weakened. The battle's taken it out of him.

PEGGY:

Exactly, dear. Weakened. Which means - this is my chance. (FX: GRABBING SHIELD - SCRAPE) I'll just take this, shall I...? (FX: SHE SWINGS UP LADDER, TO HATCH, THROUGH:)

ARISTIDES:

The shield-!

DOCTOR:

Stop her!

SCENE 57: EXT. THE PLAIN – BATTLEFIELD [CONTINUOUS]

WEYLAND:

(EXHAUSTED, HOLLERING) Hex! Return to me! I made this transport, I'll dismantle it with my teeth if I have to!

(FX: TANK HATCH OPENS)

PEGGY:

(CLAMBERING OUT) Alright, Volund. Don't get your knickers in a twist.

WEYLAND:

The shield. You have the shield.

PEGGY:

(FX: JUMPING TO GROUND) Yes, and I'll use it, too, if you don't return to me what's mine. My reward, for serving you!

WEYLAND:

(BAFFLED) Reward...?

PEGGY:

My Albert! (DARK) Under the rituals and oaths that bind us, I demand of thee, Volund – restore my soul-bonded mate to me.

DOCTOR:

(AT HATCH) Peggy! Don't do this!

ACE:

(AT HATCH) What's she playing at-?

PEGGY:

(TO WEYLAND) Return my Albert! Or I'll give the shield to old Fenric. I could do that, couldn't I?

WEYLAND:

But – (FX: GLITTERY SOUND, A PAWN MATERIALISING OUT OF THE AIR) ... I have him here. Here in my hand. "Peggy."

PEGGY:

That's a pawn. Spare us your symbolism, Volund! Give me my Albert!

WEYLAND:

More than a symbol. An avatar. Like all pawns, he was made to be sacrificed. (FX: SNAPS HEAD OFF PAWN)

PEGGY:

No!!!

WEYLAND:

You would dare move against me? Well, there is your reward.

ACE:

He just snapped the pawn's head off. Does that mean-?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'm afraid it does.

PEGGY:

(TEARFUL) I curse you, Volund! I curse you, and will be revenged on you! I use the shield! Use your own weapon against you!

WEYLAND:

(SIGHS) Distraction on distraction... (FX: GLITTERY SOUND AGAIN)

ACE:

Look, he's got another pawn!

DOCTOR:

Peggy, no!

WEYLAND:

End this futile argument. (FX: SNAPS HEAD OFF PAWN)

PEGGY:

N- (CUT SUDDENLY SHORT) (FX: BODY FALLS TO GROUND; SHIELD ROLLS AWAY, CLATTERS)

ACE:

That's horrible.

WEYLAND:

Even elder gods may die.

DOCTOR:

(FX: JUMPING TO GROUND) We know everything, Volund. Everything you've been planning.

WEYLAND:

The game is set, Time Lord. There's but one last move to play. (CALLING) Hex...!

HEX:

(AT HATCH) It's alright. I'm coming.

ACE:

Hex, I won't let you. -

HEX:

(CLAMBERING OUT) Get off me, Ace. I know what I'm doing.

WEYLAND:

That's right. What you were made to do, Hex.

SALLY:

(AT HATCH) Hex! Stop! You weren't "made" to do anything!

HEX:

(FX: JUMPING TO GROUND) You reckon?

WEYLAND:

Sally Morgan. My most perfect creation. My invisible hand, on Earth, in the future. Invisible... like she always feared.

SALLY:

(CLAMBERING OUT) What – what do you mean?

DOCTOR:

Your phobia. That you couldn't be seen? A premonition, of the shield's effect.

SALLY:

(FX: SHOULDERING GUN) I'll kill him-!

HEX:

(WALKING FORWARD) Save it, Sal. The game's as good as over. (FX: PICKING UP SHIELD) Fact is, it was always gonna end this way. –

WEYLAND:

That's right. Take my shield.

DOCTOR:

Hex, you don't have to do this.

HEX:

I'm ready. I'm ready now.

ACE:

(FX: JUMPING DOWN) Hex, don't-!

WEYLAND:

(FX: WHIPPING UP TIME STORM) Then come. Meet your destiny.

SALLY:

Hex-!!!

HEX:

(FX: FADING AWAY, WITH WEYLAND) I'll see youse guys around, alright?

ACE:

He's gone. (TO DOCTOR) Where's Weyland taken him-?

DOCTOR:

Where else? To Fenric.

SCENE 58: INT. FENRIC'S KEEP – COURTYARD

(FX: TIME STORM FADES AS WEYLAND AND HEX APPEAR)

WEYLAND:

Fenric! Face me! I demand you capitulate!

FENRIC:

(STEPPING FORWARD FROM OFF) Alone, Volund? You come to my castle to confront me – alone?

HEX:

No, not alone. You can't see me... yeah, but I can see you.

FENRIC:

(OBLIVIOUS) Your armies – devoured. Your pieces – scattered. Your weapons – useless. But still you come to me, in this... weakened state.

WEYLAND:

It's just you and me, now. This is stalemate. Resign the game, Fenric!

FENRIC:

First surrender the shield.

WEYLAND:

So, still you play on. Still, you seek to be god of gods.

(FX: LIGHTNING)

FENRIC:

I bring down fire. I bring down all the fury of the heavens –
(EFFORT) (FX: LIGHTNING FROM FINGERTIPS)

WEYLAND:

(FX: STRUCK BY LIGHTNING) Aaaah!

FENRIC:

Mate in two, I think. –

WEYLAND:

(FX: STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AGAIN) Uuh!

FENRIC:

Perhaps even one? Surrender the shield.

WEYLAND:

(WOUNDED) Your greed, Fenric – your greed will be your undoing!

FENRIC:

Give me the shield!

WEYLAND:

They knew, Fenric. All of the elder gods. They knew you would come for us all, in the end. That's why they had me make the shield. The ultimate prize. The ultimate... temptation.

FENRIC:

You rabble! (ADDRESSING GODS ABOVE) Yes, you, in the skies! You dared plot against me?

WEYLAND:

(TO HEX) My shield. Have you heard enough? Do you understand, now?

HEX:

I understand alright.

FENRIC:

Who are you talking to? Is someone there...?

HEX:

You gods, you monsters. Playing your games, and to hell with the rest of us.

WEYLAND:

Then end it. End the game, Hex, and I'll release your friends from hell!

HEX:

Release them? They'll never be free of the scars that you put upon them.

FENRIC:

(REALISATION) The shield. It's here!

WEYLAND:

It was never your prize. It was always your destruction! Read the runes, Hex. The runes, on the shield...!

HEX:

But they're, like, co-ordinates, they can't do anything -

(FX: RUNES REASSEMBLE; SOUND LIKE WRITING ON WALL IN 'CURSE' PART TWO)

WEYLAND:

The runes change. Into a... litany. Now you can read them.

FENRIC:

The shield... it was more than an object. It was... a person?

WEYLAND:

A creature who died, long ago. Hidden from you, by the Elder Gods' magic!

FENRIC:

(SCARED) Whoever you are, wherever you are – keep away!

WEYLAND:

You have lost, brother!

HEX:

(READING) "By the rites and the rules of the game of the gods, I send you back. Back into the darkness, back into the null space beyond [matter and measurement] –"

(FX: CRASH! TANK TRUNDLES THROUGH COURTYARD WALL)

WEYLAND:

What-?!

(FX: HATCH OPENS)

DOCTOR:

(CLAMBERING OUT) Hex! Stop! This is not your game!

FENRIC:

Ah, Doctor. Come to witness the end, have you?

ACE:

(CLAMBERING OUT) Come to see you get what you deserve.

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Give him back, Weyland. Give Hex back. Put his wound upon me, let me play the shield!

HEX:

No chance, Doctor. "Back into the darkness, back into the null space beyond matter and measurement. By the dark powers invested in me, I send you back..."

FENRIC:

No! No!!! I am Fenric! I am the wolf, the hunger, the shifter of shapes, the player of games! I will not be dismissed!

HEX:

"I send you back... the creature named Volund."

ACE:

What-?

WEYLAND:

What? What did he say-?

FENRIC:

He said... "Volund". Ha! (LAUGHS, OFF THE HOOK)

WEYLAND:

Not "Fenric"?

FENRIC:

(LAUGHING) "Volund"!

HEX:

Yeah, I know. Stand back, Ace, Doctor, this shield's gonna –

(FX: SHIELD FIRES A STREAM OF SCREAMING ELECTRONS, AS IN PART THREE:)

WEYLAND:

(HIT, MELTS AWAY) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-!!!

(BEAT SILENCE)

HEX:

He shoots. He scores. Back of the net. – (FAINTS)

(FX: HEX AND SHIELD CLATTER TO FLOOR)

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Ace, help me with him.

ACE:

(CALLING) Sal! Lysandra! Need some help here!

(FX: SALLY & ARISTIDES CLAMBERING OUT OF TANK, THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

Mr Hex? Are you alright?

HEX:

Not feeling all that great, to be perfectly honest. –

ACE:

You changed the words!

HEX:

Yeah. Fixed that Weyland, didn't I? Fixed him proper.

DOCTOR:

Ssh, you're bleeding.

HEX:

Yeah. Knew there was a flaw in the plan.

SALLY:

(ARRIVING) Hex! Is he alright-?

ACE:

He's dying, stupid!

ARISTIDES:

(ARRIVING) Weyland was keeping him alive, and now Weyland's gone...

HEX:

It's alright. I don't mind. Feeling kinda proud of meself, actually.

ARISTIDES:

Hold on. Where's Fenric?

DOCTOR:

The shield's just tin now, it's no good to him. He'll have gone back into the darkness. Back to nurse his injured pride. -

(FX: RENDING, SHAKING OF GROUND UNDERNEATH. BITS OF THE CASTLE STARTING TO TOPPLE)

ACE:

What's happening? Professor?

DOCTOR:

The game is done. The gods will be packing the board away.

SALLY:

This whole dimension is falling apart-!

HEX:

Need to get back to the TARDIS, eh?

ARISTIDES:

But that's miles! We'll never make it!

DOCTOR:

There's a shortcut. Ace, the hammer...?

ACE:

(SCRABBLING IN BACKPACK) Of course! Alright, everyone hold on.
(FX: STRIKES HAMMER ON FLOOR) The TARDIS.

(FX: TIME STORM WHIPS UP AROUND THEM AS THE WHOLE OF FENRIC'S CASTLE COLLAPSES INTO RUBBLE. FADE)

SCENE 59: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DOORS OPENING. CRASHING, CRACKING, RUMBLING OUTSIDE. THE DOCTOR RUNNING IN, WITH SALLY, ARISTIDES AND ACE CARRYING HEX THROUGH)

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING TO CONSOLE) Come on! Come on! Hurry!

ACE:

(LUGGING HEX'S LEGS) Set him down here. Here! Mind his head, Lysandra-!

ARISTIDES:

Sorry.

(FX: THWOMP! HEX'S BODY ON FLOOR. DOORS CLOSING)

DOCTOR:

(AT CONSOLE) (FX: SETTING CO-ORDINATES) Hospital. Hospital...

ACE:

Poncy space hospital! It'd better be, this time!

DOCTOR:

I think so, yes. – (FX: LEVERS, DIALS, THROUGH:)

SALLY:

You hear that, Hex? Taking you to a poncy space hospital. No arguing, alright? –

(BEAT)

ACE:

He's not arguing. Why's he not arguing?

SALLY:

(SHAKING HIM) Hex. Hex!!!

POSSESSED HEX:

(NOW POSSESSED BY FENRIC, BUT PLAYING NORMAL) It's alright... Sally. I'm... still here.

ACE:

Blimey. Thought we'd lost you for a second. Professor, what's keeping you? Dematerialise, now!

DOCTOR:

"Sally". He said "Sally". Not "Sal". "Sally".

ACE:

So-?!

ARISTIDES:

He always calls Morgan "Sal". Never "Sally".

POSSESSED HEX:

(GETTING TO FEET) Do I really...?

SALLY:

Hex. I don't think you should move. Hex?

ARISTIDES:

Get away from him, Morgan. That's an order, Private!

SALLY:

I don't get it. I don't understand.

ACE:

Weyland was keeping Hex alive. Only when Weyland died, Fenric disappeared...

ARISTIDES:

No prizes for guessing where to.

POSSESSED HEX:

Doctor. Please, dematerialise your ship.

DOCTOR:

So you can continue your games, I suppose?

POSSESSED HEX:

The gods conspired against me. And if they won't play nicely...

DOCTOR:

What will you do? Throw a tantrum? Destroy the universe?

ARISTIDES:

What?

DOCTOR:

If he can't win, he'll wreck all the toys so no-one else can play with them. Just like the nastiest children do.

POSSESSED HEX:

Dematerialise your ship!!!

SALLY:

Where's Hex? I want Hex back.

POSSESSED HEX:

Sorry... "Sal". The boy Schofield won't be coming out to play. Not again. Not [ever] -

(FX: THE 'SINGING', ALL AROUND THEM. CONTINUES THROUGH:)

POSSESSED HEX:

(REELS, PAINED) Ahh! Which of you is doing that...? Which of you still has faith...?

ACE:

I... dunno.

POSSESSED HEX:

(PAINED) Not you, Dorothy McShane. Your explosives are no good to you now. Not Captain Aristides, she's hollow on the inside. Not little Private Morgan – she's nothing now she knows that Volund killed her parents...

SALLY:

What?

DOCTOR:

(WARNING) Fenric, no!

POSSESSED HEX:

Oh! You didn't realise, "Sal"? Well, the pina coladas are on him.

SALLY:

No. No!!!

POSSESSED HEX:

And as for the Time Lord... he always had faith in his friends. But they have no faith in him, not any more. Not after everything he's done to them. So which of you is it? Which of you dares to have faith? Which of you is making this noise?!?

DOCTOR:

Look in your pocket, Fenric. In Hex's pocket.

POSSESSED HEX:

What-?

SALLY:

There's a wallet. Hex's wallet, he showed me!

POSSESSED HEX:

(PULLING OUT WALLET) Showed you what? This-?

DOCTOR:

A picture. Of a lovely young lady I knew, many years ago. Her name was Cassandra. "Cassie", to her friends.

ACE:

That's Hex's Mum-!

DOCTOR:

He still believes. He still has faith.

POSSESSED HEX:

(CONVULSING) No! No!!! She abandoned him!

ACE:

Not by choice! (FX: ANOTHER 'SINGING' JOINS IN) I believe in her, Hex! I believe in you!

POSSESSED HEX:

Aaaa-!!!

SALLY:

Me too, Thomas Hector Schofield! (FX: MORE SINGING) One of the best, the truest men I've ever met!

ARISTIDES:

You really have got it bad. Well, I believe... (FX: YET MORE SINGING) I believe, I'm on the winning side.

POSSESSED HEX:

You are all still Black's creatures. All still fighting against me!

DOCTOR:

Weyland's gone, Fenric.

POSSESSED HEX:

I meant – you, Time Lord. They are your creatures. All made by you. I see it, now. It was always you... (GASPS, STAGGERS)

HEX:

(HIS NORMAL SELF) Stick it, Fenric!

ACE:

Hex!!!

(FX: THE SINGING RECEDES)

HEX:

Sorry, flying visit. Can't hold him back for long. I can feel his doubts clawing away at the back of me mind, trying to get a purchase –

DOCTOR:

Don't think about that, Mr Hex.

SALLY:

Think about us, here, in the TARDIS.

ACE:

The people who, who [love you]

HEX:

Don't, Ace! Don't you go telling me that, not now!

ACE:

But we do. I do.

HEX:

Yeah. I know. (HARD) So open the doors, Ace.

ACE:

Can't do that, mate.

DOCTOR:

We've not yet returned to normal space. Outside, there's only chaos. A whirlpool to nowhere.

HEX:

Back behind the console, all of you. (EFFORT, MOVING TO DOORS)
Just... making my way over to the doors.

ACE:

Hex, there is no way I'm opening the doors!

HEX:

C'mon, look at all this blood. Doesn't take a nurse, does it, to know I'm dead already? Just clinging on in here, by me fingertips. (BEAT) Ace. Please. I can't... hold on, you know?

ACE:

I can't! I know what you're saying, but I can't!

ARISTIDES:

(SHOVING ACE ASIDE) Oh, for heaven's sake –

ACE:

Hey!

SALLY:

Captain, no!

ARISTIDES:

Good man, Schofield.

(FX: DOOR CONTROL. DOORS RUSH OPEN. HOWLING EMPTINESS BEYOND)

ACE:

No!!!

HEX:

(BUFFETTED, AT LEDGE) Thanks, Lysandra.

DOCTOR:

Sally, I've got you. Hold on to Ace-

ACE:

(STRUGGLING WITH SALLY) Get off me! We can't – we can't let him do this!

HEX:

You must. Cheers, all. Me bezzie, bezzie mates.

ACE:

Please, stay!!!

HEX:

Can't. (DEEP BREATH) Mam? I'm coming. Your Tommy's coming. –

ACE:

No!!!!!!!!!!

(AND HEX STEPS OFF LEDGE, INTO SPACE)

(LONG SILENCE)

(FX: DOORS CLOSE)

ARISTIDES:

He's gone.

SALLY:

Just... gone.

ACE:

(STRUGGLING FREE) Get off me. All of you. I said, get off me!

DOCTOR:

Ace, I'm so sorry. I can't tell you how sorry.

ACE:

Just – don't say anything, Professor. I don't want to hear another word.

(MUSIC: CLOSING THEME... INTO CODA:)

SCENE 60: NOWHERE

(FX: SILENCE. THEN:)

FENRIC:

The game is over. What shall we play next?

(PAUSE)

WEYLAND:

A new game.

FENRIC:

Yes.

WEYLAND:

The stakes?

FENRIC:

Much higher.

WEYLAND:

Not chess, though. Cards?

FENRIC:

A three-handed game? If we must. What do you say?

(BEAT)

HEX:

What the hell. Deal me in, boys.

THE END